

Country Studs

by Lambert Wilhelm



FOREWORD

It has been noted by psychologists that man is a gregarious creature whose need for affection and acceptability is as strong a motivation as his need for food and shelter. Approval is a social need that is reflected many times over in our everyday lives.

Frequently, however, one's need for approval and acceptance undergoes a serious challenge, especially in those instances where behavior reflects a departure from what sociologists would consider the norm.

COUNTRY STUDS chronicles just such a challenge. Two brothers, Ken and Peter Cleaver, have developed a physical attraction to one another, yet it is only through a series of encounters with mutual buddies in their rural community that they will finally be able to understand the true meaning of their attraction.

COUNTRY STUDS—an unusual and revealing story that holds a lesson for society.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

“Yeah, you studly bastard, fuck my tight asshole,” Henry Wilcox said, his voice a low grunt as he felt the big cock fuck all of the way up his ass, the giant balls banging against his sweaty asscrack.

Those giant balls, plus the accompanying big cock, belonged to Gil Sampson. Gil was a stud from the word go, and Henry had known that from the moment he had spotted the kid hitchhiking along that dusty country road. There was no way Henry could have driven right on by without stopping. He’d played his cards right, too. If the kid hadn’t fucked male ass before—which Gil had said was the case—he had certainly taken to the male-male fucking like a duck took to water. In fact, Gil fucked ass so well, Henry wasn’t at all sure the kid had been telling the truth when he had said it was his first time. Henry certainly hadn’t gone at assfucking with quite as much gusto his first time around. But, then, the kids in this day and age were a hell of a lot less paranoid regarding gay sex, or any kind of sex, than the kids had been in Henry’s teen years.

“Like that?” Gil asked, pulling his big prick outward until only the large head of his cock was held entrapped within the gripping sphincter of Henry’s asshole. The sphincter was a tight one, giving the definite impression of being a rubber band wrapped around the top of the prick.

But the gripping pressure was pleasurable, the pleasure becoming even more intense each time Gil pushed to fuck all of his cock deep into the snug tightness of Henry’s asshole.

“Love it, love it,” Henry said, giving a breathless little gasp as he felt his ass-guts once again being forced to one side to allow the entrance of Gil’s stiff prick. “Jesus fucking Christ, do I love it!”

Henry wasn’t the only one who loved it, and that was for damned sure. Gil was having the time of his life. And if he was fucking asshole like a pro, that didn’t mean he was a pro. He had fucked before, but that fucking had been mainly with girls. There had been Mandy Wayne, the class whore, who would fuck anything with a hard cock. Then, there was Tandra Kiark, the head cheerleader, who thought she had really loved Gil when she had

dropped her silky under panties for him. But as far as Gil had been concerned, neither Mandy nor Tandra had been really good fucks.

Henry, now, he was one hell of a good fuck. Gil had known the minute he had started shoving cock up Henry's asshole that here was going to be a fuck that was going to be different from all of the others, different even from the fantasies Gil sometimes had of fucking his hard cock up Jenner Morrison or Peter Cleaver.

"Oh, you stud, stud, bastard," Henry said, his voice breathless.

He was leaning over the fender of his car, the car having been pulled off the road into the seclusion offered by myriad corn stalks. The car had knocked down more than a few of the stalks on the way in, and Henry could just imagine how distraught some farmer was going to be when he discovered the damage. But Henry had been anxious as hell to get started fucking when it had become apparent that Gil was willing to fuck his ass, so the cornfield had seemed the best place available at the time.

Henry wiggled his ass, moving it in a definite roll so that the fucking cock could turn inside of his asshole and penetrate from a different angle on each fuck-thrust. He tried to widen his stance, but his feet and ankles were securely entangled within the binding of his dropped pants and undershorts. He hadn't been willing to take the time necessary to strip completely down. Nor had he been able to wait for Gil to do so. As a result, Gil was still completely clothed, except for his naked cock and balls which had been pried from the fly of his jeans. Gil had one hell of an exceptional body. And, had Henry been really aware of the way the youth's exquisite muscle patterns were rippling beneath his shirt and pants, the man would have been afforded an even greater turn-on.

However, even as it was, Henry wasn't hurting for pleasure. A man who had always enjoyed a good fuck of his asshole, he was in seventh heaven the minute Gil's big cock had fucked up his ass.

Henry's cock was also hard, although his prick certainly wasn't as large as the cock shoved up his ass. But, then, there weren't many cocks as large as the one that sprouted from the blond hair on Gil's belly. Henry, who had certainly seen a hell of a lot of prick, hard and otherwise in his time, had seldom run upon anyone, young or old, with a cock of the dimensions had

by the stud presently fucking his ass. Considering everything else Gil had going for him, exciting good looks and studly body, it seemed almost as if Gil had to be too much of a good thing. The kid seemed just too fucking perfect.

“Perfect!” Henry said in a low grunt. The kid was perfect, and his fucking was perfect. Henry, who had been fucked by novice and hustler alike, couldn’t remember a time when a cock felt quite as good as this one did turned loose up his asshole.

“So, take it!” Gil said, fucking his cock home again.

His sweaty balls which, a few minutes before, had been swinging with a force that had seen them slapping the crease of Henry’s ass, were no longer hanging free. The hairy sac that contained his balls had contracted, gathering both balls up to where they were presently hugging the base of his fucking cock. The balls were chock full of hot cum just aching to be free. And, what with the way Gil’s assfucking was suddenly moving into high gear, that moment of release actually wasn’t all that far off.

Gil leaned farther forward, molding his muscled chest more completely to Henry’s back, his lap more completely cupping the backward-jutting mound of Henry’s ass. He pressed his sweaty cheek against Henry’s back, shutting his eyes to the sunshine.

“Take my cock! Take it, take it!” Gil said, his hips maintaining a pronounced fucking swing.

His cock had leaked so much slippery pre-cum up Henry’s ass that the fucking had become accompanied by sloppy wet sounds. Asshole and cock alike were slick with lubricating fuck-juices. Despite all of that wetness, there was still friction that caused asshole and cock to grow pink and hot. The heat oozed deeply into both Gil and Henry, making intense pleasure even more intense.

Henry was sweating up a storm. His chest was wet with perspiration that made his shirt cling. The metal of the car was wet where his shirt material touched it. Beads of liquid had formed on his forehead, some of them uniting to make a small stream that drained into his right eye and caused a stinging sensation.

“Oh, God, oh, God,” Gil chanted as his moment of climax came rushing faster and faster upon him.

He dropped his hands to Henry’s hipbones and took hold, keeping Henry’s lower body in place while he proceeded to fuck his ass with faster and heartier fuck-strokes. He was flying high.

Henry wasn’t all that far from shooting his wad, himself. Always having enjoyed the feel of any cock up his ass from that first moment he’d been raped in grade school, he had easily discovered that, if the circumstances were right, he could cum just from the sensation of cock fucking like sixty up his asshole. He knew he would be able to orgasm beneath the fucking of Gil’s cock, except he needed just a bit more time, just a few more fucks and withdrawals of that big prick, and he didn’t know whether Gil was going to be able to hold out that long. If, as Gil had said, he was fucking ass for the first time, there was every reason to believe he wouldn’t be fucking too much longer.

Asshole, after all, was a hell of a lot tighter than any broad’s snatch.

And if Henry might believe Gil hadn’t fucked male ass before, he knew the kid must have fucked pussy. Hell, when a guy was as studly as Gil, the girls were always hot to sample the prick between his legs.

“You close, kid?” Henry asked, hoping to verify his suspicions. However, he was so sure Gil was close to cumming, he didn’t wait for an answer before dropping a hand to take firm hold of his own cock. He began to jack off, determined to meet this handsome young farmboy in orgasm, if that was humanly possible.

“Yeah, I’m close,” Gil said.

He was so close to cumming that his fucking was progressing in automatic gear. He no longer had any conscious control over the constant swing of his hips. His fucking momentum was being controlled by centers inside of his body that were far more primitive than his brain. Those centers were suddenly demanding that Gil be concerned with very little else except the blowing of his wad. His balls were full of cum, and he was anxious as all hell to shoot his cum-load.

“I’m close, close, Jesus, close!”

“Just hold off one minute, stud,” Henry said. Actually, he was begging.

He needed just a few more seconds, and the fantastic world of orgasm was going to be his. All he needed was a few more slips and slides of Gil’s big cock inside his asshole, a few mere runs of his fist up and down his burgeoning cock, and he would be squirting his cum-load against the side of the car. “Jesus, kid! Please, please, please! Oh, sweet Jesus, please.”

“Goddamn fucking shit!” Gil said in a low bellow, a hearty swing of his hips fucking his cock in as far as it would go and holding it there. The crotch of his pants was wet with sweat from Henry’s sweaty asscheeks.

“Oh, damn it, blow, stud! Blow!” Henry said in command. His whipping fingers, long experienced in performing the way his cock wanted them to perform, had quickly enough brought Henry to the edge of a massive ejaculation, and it wasn’t going to take very much more to shove him right on over that edge.

All that Henry needed to let go was the sudden blasting of Gil’s creamy cum inside his ass, and Gil obliged him. Not that Gil had anything whatsoever to say about it at that point. Gil was too far gone to exert any control over those forces which had brought him to climax. He was simply a helpless victim, caught in the sudden tidal wave of passion, and forced into riding the currents to their natural conclusion.

“I’m cummmmming, cummmmmming!” Gil cried out, although any such words were superfluous, considering there was no way Henry could have failed to notice the deluge of hot cum suddenly being blasted up his ass.

Gil ground his crotch into Henry’s muscled ass, his fingers clamping even tighter on the man’s hipbones. He squeezed his eyes more tightly shut in the face of the spiraling fuck-lust which had claimed each and every part of his being.

“Yessss, yessss! Oh, Jesus, yessss!” Henry said in a breathless hiss that saw him drooling spit to the hood of the car.

He thrust back his ass to form an even more compact mating between his asscheeks and Gil’s crotch. His asshole shuddered and then clamped with a vengeance around Gil’s exploding prick. At the same time, Henry’s whipped prick was letting go a load of its own cum.

Gil groaned low and loud, wondering if he were going to be able to survive the pleasure of the moment. He had always suspected there was going to be pleasure. That was what had started him fantasizing about gay sex in the first place. However, not even in his wildest fantasies had he imagined ass-fucking would be this good. Had he been capable of such imaginings, he would have been a hell of a lot more aggressive in his attempts to initiate some fucking with the other boys on the neighboring farms.

The young teenager and the middle-aged man clung together, there in that cornfield, lost to the world around them, consumed only by the world their heated fucking had conjured for them. They were simultaneously spasmed by wave after wave of pleasure, leaving them both sexually drained and physically exhausted.

“Damn, damn, damn,” Gil said, still not actually able to believe that what had happened to him had really happened. He still hadn’t recuperated enough to pull free. His cock was still locked inside an asshole flooded with the sticky results of his fucking.

“That was unbelievable!” Henry said. Had Gil known just how many cocks had been up Henry’s ass before his, it would have come across as an even greater compliment.

Henry’s cock was still held securely in his hand, growing soft there. His cock rested in a cocooning of slime. Creamy cum had been caught on Henry’s beating fingers shortly after climax, and he had spread those fuck-juices down along the total length of his prick. Tardy cum, not having made any of the more forceful exits to splatter the fender of the car, was still oozing from the piss-slit of Henry’s cock. A milking action of his fist caused what jism remained to come leaking out in a long string of goo that almost reached the ground before finally breaking free.

Both Henry and Gil’s balls, previously hoisted in compact bags to the base of their straining cocks, were now hanging loose, shifting within hairy skin.

Gil pulled his cock free of Henry’s asshole. His prick, still surprisingly hard, pulled with it an ocean of sticky cum which the cock had fed to the asshole during his orgasm. The excess slime tumbled over the lower edge of

the closed sphincter and drooled down along the crevice of Henry's ass, some of it catching in and clinging to the sweaty hair lining his asscrack.

Gil found his footing, once he was free of Henry, a little unstable. For a minute, he actually thought his knees were going to give out beneath him. He mentally sought to steady his legs, assuring himself that he was standing on firm ground. Once he was confident he wasn't going to fall, he glanced down at his exposed cock, taking a good look at it.

Gil's cockshaft, wet with its own cum, gone slightly red from the friction of fucking Henry's asshole, was a lance jutting outward from the open fly of his trousers. While his cock's initial hardness, upon insertion up Henry's ass, had seen it standing tall, its hardness now had dropped his prick to a position that had it forming a right angle with the boy's body. The bulky foreskin had moved slightly up the length of the cock, but not to a position that had the powerful cockhead completely veiled by the excess flesh. Even when the cock was completely soft, the foreskin would never be so much as to form an actual snout.

The boy's balls, big balls covered with wiry blond hair, draped over the lower edge of his open zipper and left sweat stains on the denim where they brushed along the inside of his muscled thighs.

Gil milked his cock, watching stale cum leak free of his pouted piss-slit. He claimed that cum on his fingers and smeared it with the other wetness still coating his hard-on.

"I feel as if I've just been through the wringer!" Henry said, pushing himself away from the car, able to do so now that the weight of Gil's body no longer kept him pinned into a submissive position. "Not that I'm complaining, mind you."

Henry squatted for his pants and his underpants, bringing them up with him when he stood. He tucked his softening cock back into place within his underpants and zipped up his slacks. He turned back to Gil, seeing the kid's unbelievably hard prick still jutting from his pants.

"Jesus!" Henry said, knowing right then and there what he was going to do next. He dropped to his knees. And, when Gil reflexively stepped back, he didn't do so to the point of being out of Henry's range when the man reached out for him.

Even before Henry's lips moved to claim Gil's hard cock—and it was only a matter of seconds before that was happening—Gil knew what was coming. Nor was the boy ass enough to put up any kind of protest just because getting his cock sucked was less of a novelty than fucking male ass had been. Not that Gil had ever had another guy suck his cock.

Because he hadn't. But girls had sucked his cock more than once. Usually they preferred sucking his cock to taking his virile cum up their cunts.

Gil had allowed himself the big step of fucking his hard cock up a man's asshole, so there was little honor left to the prospect of fucking male mouth.

What Gil hadn't expected, however, was just how different it was having a man suck his cock than it was having a girl do it. In fact, the feeling proved so different, Henry soon had Gil wondering if he had ever really had his cock sucked off properly before.

"Sweet, holy Jesus!" Gil said when Henry's experienced cock-sucking mouth was well on its way down over the young blond's straining hard-on. Henry, without even a pause, reached bottom and contracted his throat muscles around the total length of cock locked within them.

Gil had more than lucked out in having gotten Henry as the first man to suck his prick, because Henry had a good many years of cock-sucking under his belt and had eagerly perfected his skill in going down over hard prick. If there was one thing Henry liked as well as getting his asshole fucked, it was getting his face fucked with studly cock.

"Mmmmm!" Henry moaned, twisting his face this way and that around the boy's cock. The resulting vibrations only enhanced Gil's pleasure. Nor did Henry stop at that. He put his tongue to work, lapping up all the exotic flavors that cock had so recently acquired up his ass.

"Oh, my God, that does feel good!" Gil said, still marveling at how this cock suck was so much more intense than were any of those which had come before it.

Feeling weak with pleasure, he found it necessary to put his hands on Henry's head for support. Henry was experienced enough, however, not to be all that concerned. He waited patiently until the handholds were relaxed

and then began an upward lifting that pulled his ovaled lips along the swollen prickrod.

Henry was having a good time. But then, he had known from the beginning that he would have a good time. The boy's cock tasted just as delicious as it looked. The only thing which had kept Henry from sucking Gil's cock from the start had been his urgent desire to feel it squirting cum up his asshole.

A car went by on the nearby road, raising a cloud of dust as it passed.

It never bothered to slow down, so neither Henry nor Gil took it as any signal that they should stop the cock-sucking. The dust from the road rose to haze the sun, and then the dust cloud began to fan out in a kind of fog that descended upon the stalks of corn and upon Gil and Henry.

The only thing that Henry was once again beginning to regret was that he wasn't seeing more of the studly blond's body. Henry had once again been too anxious to claim Gil's cock to go through the bother of asking Gil to strip down. Henry was certainly too occupied at the moment, too eager to proceed, to step back even long enough for Gil to strip down to the buff.

That didn't, however, mean that Henry still didn't have a little something in mind. While his sucking mouth began a nice and easy bounce over the youth's hard cock, Henry brought his hands to the boy's belt buckle and began to unfasten the binding metal from the leather. Once the buckle was released, it wasn't long before Henry was locating the lone button which was now the only thing holding Gil's pants together at the waist.

Gil didn't put up any objection, even when the button was undone and his pants, with Henry's help, dropped down around his ankles. Gil still wasn't completely naked. His cock and balls were pulled through the crotch of his underpants. But the rim of Henry's hands down along the backs of the boy's legs told the man that the kid was just as well put together as he looked.

Henry would have preferred dropping Gil's undershorts, too, but he wasn't willing to surrender the boy's cock for even the second required to pull the shorts down.

His head still bouncing, his mouth still sucking, Henry ran his hands up the backs of Gil's legs, working his fingers beneath the rear of the undershorts in order to fan his hands out over the boy's firm asscheeks.

"Suck me!" Gil said in eager command. "Swallow my cock all of the way down to my big hairy balls."

So caught up was Gil in his fucking of Henry's face that his hips had taken up a pronounced pumping rhythm to coincide with Henry's bouncing.

The young man's hands, too, were beginning to indicate, by pressure, just what momentum of Henry's mouth over his cock was the most conducive to his pleasure.

Henry was only too happy to suck Gil. He was delighted each time he swallowed that cock all the way down to the kid's hairy balls. The only command Henry might not have been able to handle at the moment would have been the command to release the tasty morsel he had taken into his mouth.

The cock fit Henry's throat perfectly. Henry had taken it, all of the cock dance despite its large size, without even a choke. Henry had sucked enough prick in his life so that he could go down over most pricks without thinking he was going to strangle on them. But, some cocks he knew as special the minute he dropped his face down over them. And, by God, this cock was special!

"Damn, you suck cock good," Gil said, wondering why it had never been that way when Mandy or Tandra had swallowed his cock.

Neither of those girls had ever made it all the way down over his cock, each insisting his prick was too big to suck it that way. Yet, there was something else about this suck that told Gil those other sucks still wouldn't have compared with it even had Mandy and Tandra gone all of the way down on his cock—and then even gone so far as to suck up both of his balls in the bargain. There was simply a forcefulness behind Henry's cock-sucking which hadn't been there when the girls had sucked his prick.

There was a masculine give and take here that made this kind of sex even more exciting than fucking girls in the cunt had ever been.

Henry, his fingers still fanned on Gil's asscheeks, edged his fingers inward along the asscrack between the two buns. The asscrack was damp with unseen sweat. Henry's sliding fingers had a tendency to stick to the flesh of the ass, but that didn't stop him. He knew what he was looking for. And, although he suspected Gil was probably still a little too green to let him take full advantage, Henry figured that nothing ventured was nothing gained.

Actually, Gil was prepared to give Henry more leeway than the man realized. Primarily because, while Gil was new at actual gay sex, he had fantasized about fucking with men enough so that he was prepared to take full advantage of this opportunity now that it had presented itself. But there were limits. He wouldn't, for instance, have yet been ready to take Henry's cock up his ass. Taking Henry's finger, however, was quite another matter.

Gil, after all, had more than once had his own finger rammed up his asshole. So, taking Henry's finger up his ass wasn't too big a step forward. In fact, fucking Henry's ass and mouth had probably been bigger steps which, now that he had taken them, made him more than game to take a few more.

"Jesus, you suck cock good," Gil said, jiggling his ass in a manner that helped in the alignment of Henry's fingertip to his ass pucker. When the blond felt the actual contact of fingertip to his ass opening, he was surprised by the additional jolt of pleasure.

Henry was momentarily content with things the way they were, petting funky ass pucker while he sucked hot cock. He worked up a bit more spit with which to coat the fucking cock, watching the bubbly rivers that formed and then began drooling down the cockshaft. He left those rivers behind each time his mouth slid up the cock to its cockhead. He overtook those rivers each time his face slid down to once again claim all of the cock inside his throat.

For the two of them, their world had telescoped down to include only that small patch of cornfield. Actually, as the pleasure became more and more forceful, quickly swelling to consume them, their world was made even smaller, finally centering in to include only hungry bouncing face and hard hot cock.

Each time Henry's fingertip petted the ass pucker, the man could feel the resulting throb of the cock in his mouth. As he began the push to dance his finger in even deeper, the cock obliged by not only throbbing but drooling a mess of goo that was decidedly tasty as Henry sucked it away.

Although the asshole was dry, the initially dry finger had picked up enough sweat on its slide along the asscheek to keep it from attempting an entirely dry fuck as it pushed for entrance.

"Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah," Gil gasped.

If the boy could be excited by the mere idea of getting finger-fucked, he was doubly excited by it actually happening. The exquisite feel of Henry's finger fucking up his ass, combined with the sensuous mouthing of his cock by Henry's skillful lips, had brought Gil to the point of hardly believing he had just shot his cum-load a few minutes before. His cock was presently so hard, his balls so full of cum, it was almost as if he were about to squirt his jism from his balls for the very first time.

Henry brought his right hand around to Gil's balls, leaving his left hand with its middle finger continuing its insertion up Gil's ass. He massaged the young blond's contracting balls, feeling his balls getting more and more heavy with cum.

Henry's long history as a cock-sucker let him coordinate his sucking, finger-fucking, and ball massaging with a minimum of time and effort. He knew what he was doing, and he knew he was doing a damned good job of it, too. He'd had more than one jaded stud climbing the walls while fucking his mouth. Getting this farm kid turned on was a cinch. Cinch or not, he thoroughly enjoyed sucking the youth's prick. It was a pleasure putting into practice even the simplest of his skills and getting the kind of responses Gil was giving him. In the big cities, most guys were simply too jaded to appreciate anything but the most sophisticated cocksucking techniques.

"Suck me, suck me!" Gil chanted, his fingers tightening on Henry's head.

It wasn't going to take too many more bounces of Henry's head before Gil was prepared to put his cock-sucking face down all of the way and keep it anchored there. "Poke your Goddamned finger deeper! Ah, yes, fucking deeper!"

Henry prepared for the explosion of cum all of his intuition told him Gil had in the making. He didn't want to risk being taken unaware. Because, no matter how good at cock-sucking he might be, there was no denying that there was a certain danger of choking on something as big as the cock he now had fucking his throat, especially if a sudden spasmodic reaction from Gil made him take the cock at other than his own speed. In that respect, sucking the cock of a pro was less dangerous, in that it was very seldom someone thoroughly jaded ever got carried away, no matter how intense the orgasm. But, with a novice like Gil, a guy keyed to the point where nothing much mattered but the desperate need to get his rocks off, it was quite another matter.

"Goddamned fucking queer, take my cock!" Gil said in command, having reached the point toward which he had been building. "Take it! Take my cock! Fucking take it!"

Henry took Gil's cock, all right. He took all of it, each and every powerful inch of hard prick, right down to the point where his ovaled lips were once again pressed tightly against the young blond's belly.

Gil's pubic hair was scratching Henry's lips and tickling his nose. Gil's compact ball sac, his big balls enclosed, acted as a cushion for Henry's chin.

"Yes, Jesus, yes!" Gil said, his hands having pushed Henry's head down deeper into his crotch. Simultaneously, the young blond was welcoming the sudden collision of Henry's finger with his prostate. "Yes, my God, yes!"

Oh, yes, I'm fucking going to cream, you sonofabitch'n bastard! Cream!

Cream! I am Goddamned going to cum!"

Henry was ready for the boy's cum-load. And, just as it had been all along, his timing was perfect. His mouth and throat muscles were quite prepared for the sudden ballooning of Gil's cock, as well as for the sudden deluge of hot cum that was suddenly squirting.

"Goddamn, Goddamn, fucking Goddamn!" Gil said loudly. His lips came fucking forward with an accompanying grind that smashed Henry's face into his crotch.

Henry's mouth torqued around the exploding mouthful. His finger corkscrewed up Gil's asshole. His right hand squeezed the boy's erupting balls.

"Ummmmmm!" Henry hummed, his humming gradually dissolving into a gargle on the mouthful of creamy cum.

He swallowed and swallowed again, drinking away the pearly cum Gil was readily feeding him. The cum tasted delicious, only the way the cum of young, healthy studs could taste. It had a decidedly nutty flavor with just a hint of salt. Gil's cum was an elixir of which Henry simply couldn't get enough. He had no sooner swallowed one mouthful of jism than he was anxious for another, and then another. Had he had his way, there would have been no end to the delicious flood of cum.

However, as big as Gil's balls were, and as much cum as they could release at each ejaculation, his supply of cum was never endless. The initial healthy squirts of cum, followed by squirts which weren't so hearty, were finally forced to give way to mere drools of creamy fuck-fluid from a cock still pulsing with its own seeming heartbeat.

"Sweet, sweet, Jesus!" Gil said, realizing that he was finally coming back to his senses.

He wasn't really quite sure to what never-never land he had just been thrust, but he did know a couple of things. He knew he wanted to go back to that land, and he knew his sex life, after Henry, could never possibly go back to being the way it once was.

Henry eased his finger out of Gil's asshole, knowing that doing so would cause more fuck juices to dribble from Gil's cock. He was right. He almost immediately began sampling the resulting flavors. He licked the cum away, and he kept at it, determined to get each and every morsel of goodness he could derive from his sucking of Gil's cock.

CHAPTER TWO

“Jesus, you’re only getting better in your old age,” Peter Cleaver said, stopping his own undressing to comment on his brother’s emerging nakedness.

“Gee, thanks. I think,” Ken said with a wide smile that dimpled both cheeks and showed white teeth. He tossed his T-shirt to the nearby chair and prepared to drop his pants. His boots and socks were already off.

Peter, down to his pants and underpants, watched as his brother’s falling trousers revealed a pair of well-muscled legs. The dropping pants also revealed a pair of skimpy Jockey shorts that did very little to conceal the hard cock which was really too large for its cloth container. A dampness in the light blue material punctuated the spot where the large cockhead rested beneath and indicated that Ken was also horny at the prospect of fucking with his brother.

Ken did look damned good, and Peter hadn’t been bullshitting when he had said so. While Ken’s physique had been kept up through high school, he hadn’t stopped exercising once he had moved to Seattle and taken a job with Boeing. He spent a good deal of his spare time at the YMCA. The rest of his spare time was spent cruising downtown bats, bars, and tea-rooms.

“Well, come on Brother,” Ken said, noticing that Peter seemed to have slowed down just a bit. “It’s not allowed to just stand there and admire the view. I want to see how the last few months have detracted or enhanced that great body of yours I remember.”

Peter proceeded to unfasten his belt, unsnapped the waistband of his trousers, and pulled down the zipper. Hooking his thumbs into the tops of his pants and underpants, he bared his body from the waist on down.

“And, aren’t you a hunk good enough to eat?” Ken said, amazed at how he could still get so excited at the prospect of fucking with his brother when he had such a wide selection of bodies to choose from in Seattle.

He would have been the first to admit that the incestuous implications were a turn-on, but he also suspected it went a good deal further than that. Even with the general potpourri of sexual choices offered by the big city,

Ken couldn't remember coming across anyone more studly and sexy than his brother. It had always seemed to Ken that the farm country that had spawned him and his brother had produced a lot of good-looking studs who could match or surpass most of the guys in Seattle.

Seattle guys certainly didn't come any hunkier than Gil Sampson or Jenner Morrison back on the farm. Of course, Gil and Jenner weren't gay, which meant they had never really offered Ken what he wanted. Ken had had to come to Seattle for that. Which was what Peter was going to have to do eventually, too. The few months Peter had been left on the farm, since Ken had moved off to the big city, had seen the kid getting increasingly frustrated. Ken didn't have to be told that was the case, either. He could see it in the hardness of his brother's cock.

"So, who's the shy one now?" Peter asked. While Peter was shucked down to nothing, his brother still had his cock, insufficiently or not, bound up within the skimpy Jockey shorts.

"Hell, I'm not shy," Ken said, peeling down his shorts and kicking them to one side.

There was a year's difference between the two brothers, but ever since Peter had been around five, they had always been mistaken for twins. That physical similarity carried over even now. Standing in front of one another, the two presented a mirror image, right down to the perfection of their circumcision scars.

They both had dark black hair, cut short—but not so short as to have anyone thinking they were on leave from any of the Army or Air Force bases on the outskirts of Seattle. The hair had a natural tendency to fall forward over their foreheads in a leftward sweeping direction that often saw hair strands entangling with dark and well-shaped brows. Their eyes were gray, their noses classical in the sense of echoing those found on Greco-Roman statues in museums. They had square jawlines and dimpled cheeks.

Their chests were well muscled, each having a set of square pectorals that were centered by a deeply cut cleavage that fanned out to a wash boarded belly.

Their chests and bellies were covered by a thin matting of black hair that was presented in almost identical growth patterns. Their cocks, stiff as

they now were, were powerful phallic poles. In erect state, each cock was lifted to a position that saw the cockhead put opposite a slightly concaved navel. Their hairy balls were large and capable of holding a mouthful of hot cum.

“Are you anxious for a little brotherly love, or am I just imagining things?” Ken asked, another wide smile showing white teeth, that contrasted attractively with the golden tan of his naked body.

“You aren’t imagining anything,” Peter said, moving closer to his brother. He reached out both hands and touched Ken at the shoulders. He ran his hands down his brother’s arms, sliding them around to his ass.

“Your brother is horny, horny! Jesus, horny!”

Their chests met, nipple to nipple, all four nipples going taut as tacks.

Their stomachs met, allowing their cocks a momentary battle with each other before a compromise was reached that saw both pricks aligned side by side, velvety hardness touching velvety hardness.

“You decided to move to Seattle after you graduate?” Ken asked, letting his fingers trail down Peter’s back and fan out atop the younger boy’s firm asscheeks.

“Dad wants me on the farm,” Peter said, marveling at how his cock seemed to be getting even harder. “He’s not getting any younger, is he?”

“And, is that what you want?” Ken asked, letting his fingers slide inward along the curves of his brother’s asscheeks, sending his fingertips exploring the damp valley nestled between the two muscled buns. “You want to be a farmer?”

“Yeah, I do,” Peter admitted. He figured Ken had known the answer to that question before asking. There had never been any doubt in Peter’s mind that he wanted to farm. For that matter, there had never been any doubt that was what Ken had wanted to do, too. But, there was Ken, working in Seattle at Boeing, pretty damned sure that Peter was going to be following in his footsteps, no matter what other course Peter might have preferred following.

“Well, I’ll be anxious to see how you match what you want to do for a living with what this hard cock of yours tells me you want to do in the

bedroom,” Ken said.

That had been what his own move to Seattle had been all about. As much as he would have preferred following his own natural inclinations and his parents’ wishes, by taking over a greater share of the farm operation, his need for male sex had sent him packing. The hornyness of Peter at that moment told Ken that his brother wasn’t going to be able to survive for very long, either, in the super heterosexual environment of the farm, especially if all those studly straight guys continued being as dammed sexy and tempting as Gil Sampson and Jenner Morrison, who were Peter’s best friends.

“I said I wanted to be a farmer,” Peter said. “I didn’t say I was going to be one, did I?”

Peter was well aware of his quandary. He was also well aware that Ken would have done anything to go back to the farm and be able to satisfy his sexual needs in that atmosphere. It might have been different for them both if their attraction for each other could have been channeled into avenues that contained their needs and wants exclusively to each other. Unfortunately, though, that hadn’t been the case. As good as sex was for the two of them whenever they fucked each other, they both needed more. And, while fantasy sometimes substituted for those other needs, like the times Peter shut his eyes and pretended Ken was Gil Sampson, or the times Ken shut his eyes and pretended Peter was Jenner Morrison, the fantasy somehow never quite seemed sufficient.

“Unless you can persuade those hunky friends of yours to start swinging both ways, or unless a commune of faggots buys one of the farms in the neighborhood, you aren’t going to cut the mustard out in the sticks, kid,” Ken said, rubbing his cock up and down along his brother’s belly, his cock leaking pre-cum that left a slick runaway wherever it touched.

“You can take that bit of insight from someone who tried and couldn’t make it.”

“We’ll see,” Peter said, pretty much figuring his brother was right. It had been really difficult trying to make the adjustment to Ken’s leaving.

Peter hadn’t really realized just how much of a release his fuck-sessions with Ken had been until they were no longer available to him. Finally, he

had simply had to fly to Seattle for the weekend to take care of needs inside of him which had just about built to the point of exploding.

There had been a time at the swimming hole, a few days before, when Peter had actually been on the verge of making a pass at Gil. At Gil Sampson, for Christ's sake! Gil Sampson, who was talking about pussy before Peter's balls had even dropped. It had been the sudden realization that Peter had been on the verge of trying something with Gil that had sent him running to brother Ken. He liked Gil one helluva lot, and the idea of their friendship one day being shattered because Peter did something stupid—like expressing an interest in sucking Gil's big cock—really left Peter with a cold and hopeless feeling in his gut.

"Thinking of Gil Sampson, are you?" Ken asked intuitively. His fingers had slid to the point where his fingertips were resting at the bottom of Peter's asscrack. The fuck-finger of Ken's right hand was gently massaging his brother's asshole.

"What in the hell makes you think I'd be thinking of Gil?" Peter asked, a little ill at ease over the way his brother had been able to read his thoughts.

"Oh, I don't know," Ken said, feigning innocence. "Or, maybe it's just because I'm so used to hearing you squeal out Gil Sampson's name whenever you shoot your cum-load with me."

"You're full of shit!" Peter said, remembering all of the times he had been fantasizing himself in Gil's arms when it had really been Ken fucking with him. He pulled away slightly, but only slightly. There was no way Ken was going to let him get very far.

"There's no reason for you to deny it," Ken said. "I know how long you've been stuck on that handsome sonofabitch. Besides, I haven't been without my own fantasies, you know. More than once, I found myself pretending you were Jenner Morrison."

"Jenner?" Peter said in immediate response. He didn't know why, but that somehow did surprise him.

"You telling me Jenner isn't someone to get all hot and bothered over?" Ken asked. His fuck finger was slowly but surely working its way up his brother's tight asshole.

Peter certainly wasn't denying that. There had been times when Peter had even injected fantasies about Jenner into his sex, usually during masturbation, until he had finally had to admit to himself that it was really Gil he loved. Yes, by Christ, he did love Gil, which made it even more frustrating when he knew he would never be able to fuck with that handsome stud. But, Ken being interested in Jenner?

"I propositioned him once. Did you know that?" Ken asked suddenly, moving his chest so that his taut nipples chafed against Peter's nipples.

"You propositioned Jenner?" Peter asked, frankly shocked and showing it.

"He never told you, huh?" Ken smiled. He looked exceptionally handsome when he smiled. Peter was always telling him he should smile more often.

"He probably didn't want to risk losing you as a friend by telling you your big brother was a faggot."

"So, what happened?" Peter asked.

There was no denying Peter's curiosity was up.

The idea of his brother slapping the make on straight Jenner Morrison was as exciting as all hell. Peter's cock gave a noticeable throb in its captive position between their bellies, and his cock drooled another oozing of clear pre-cum to bead his and Ken's pubic hair.

"He said, thanks, but, no thanks," Ken said. He gave a chuckle.

"Actually, he handled it far more civilized than I thought he would. You know, I had visions of him coming at me with doubled fists and eyes gone red with the fury of being propositioned by a queer so obviously hot for his cock. The fact that he handled himself so intelligently only got me hotter for the sexy bastard, however. So, I decided, right then and there, that I'd better vacate the scene before I tried something that would get the whole neighborhood up in arms. I came to Seattle."

"Jesus, I never dreamed you had the hots for Jenner," Peter said.

"That's funny," Ken said. "Because most of the time, I thought I was as obvious about what I thought about Jenner as you were about what you felt

for Gil.”

“I was obvious?” Peter asked, suddenly worried by that revelation. If there was one thing he feared, it was being obvious.

“Probably you were obvious to me only because I was gay and could see what was happening,” Ken said. “Although, for a time there, I actually thought you and Gil were fucking together.”

“Gil and I?” Peter asked. Ken seemed to be full of little shocks this morning. “Gil is as straight as the proverbial stick.”

“Which is a pity, right?” Ken said. “Wouldn’t it be nice to know you could stay on the farm and have steady access to that studly body, too?”

“Look, Brother, you shit!” Peter said, knowing that no one could wish Gil gay more than he did. “What do you say the two of us quit torturing ourselves with what might be nice, and start concentrating on what is genuinely possible? Right now, I’m willing to trade in all my might-have-beens for the reality of that hard cock of yours.”

Ken’s right fuck-finger, which had made a steady penetration of Peter’s asshole, gave a playful twist, which caused more pre-cum to bubble from Peter’s cum-slit.

“Your wish is my command,” Ken said, sliding gracefully to his knees.

On the way down, he stuck out his tongue, leaving a trail of saliva on Peter’s flesh. The veneer of salty sweat, which was on Peter’s skin, was claimed by his brother’s tongue. Once on a level with Peter’s cock, Ken moved quickly to lick the prick, his tongue leaving more spit all the way down to Peter’s balls.

“If you think I’ve flown all of this distance, and paid out all of my good money for a plane ticket, just to stand here passively while you suck on my big cock, you’re fucking crazy!” Peter said, using his right hand to further tousle Ken’s black hair. He punctuated with a low groan that was called forth by a twisting of Ken’s finger against his swollen prostate just before Ken pulled his finger free of the asshole.

“Well, I admit that I did certainly have it in mind to suck your big cock,” Ken said, his left hand pulling Peter’s balls to a position where he

could better kiss them. “But, I’m more than willing to listen to any reasonable alternatives.”

Peter had originally been going to propose a sixty-nine, but he quickly decided that he was more than ready for something a bit more sophisticated than his cock in Ken’s mouth and Ken’s cock in his.

“Granted, I do want the feel of your hot mouth on my cock, all right,” Peter said. “But, what I also want is the feel of your hard cock being rammed to your hairy balls up my asshole.”

“Well, take your pick,” Ken said. “I’m here to service at your command.”

“I don’t think I want to make any such pick,” Peter said. “How about giving me your mouth and cock at the same time?”

They had never fucked that way before, but he had often fantasized such sex. Night after night—especially after Ken had moved away and Peter had found himself cut off from any fucking with another man—Peter had jacked off with his finger rammed up his ass, imagining that Gil Sampson was fucking and sucking him at one and the same time.

“You think your brother is up to such contortions?” Ken asked. But it was obvious the proposal appealed to him. His cock oozed a mess of clear fuck-juices so profuse that his pre-cum might have been mistaken for an ejaculation.

“You were pretty limber, doing all those gymnastic routines in high school,” Peter said.

“It has been quite a while since I’ve done any gymnastic routines,” Ken said, giving Peter’s balls another wet kiss.

Even while he said it, however, Ken knew that his routines at the YMCA included a lot of stretching exercised designed to keep him limber. If he had ever been limber enough to fuck and suck Peter at one and the same time, he was probably limber enough now.

“Why don’t you give it a try and we’ll see how things go,” Peter said, dropping to the floor with his brother.

The floor was covered with thick blue carpeting that attractively set off the deep tans of both brothers. The sight of the two of them, both so perfectly proportioned and so handsome, would have put even a jaded voyeur close to creaming.

“I want your big brother cock fucked up my ass,” Peter said, rolling to his back. Raising both legs, he used a hand placed on each asscheek to pull open his asscrack, revealing his tightly shut asshole as he did so.

“I want your hot mouth sucking my cock,” he said, releasing one asscheek to fist his cock and pull his thick prick upward for better viewing. He released his other asscheek and brought that hand up to cup his balls.

“And, I want your hot lips pressed all of the way down to these big and hairy balls mine. Okay?”

“You’ve got me so hot and bothered that you’re going to get just what you ordered, or your brother is going to break his back trying to provide it,” Ken promised.

He was on his knees, milking his cock for natural lubricant, using the leaking pre-cum to wet his cock down for fucking. Actually, he rather wished he had suggested Peter fuck and suck him.

“I’ve got one helluva hungry asshole waiting here,” Peter said, his hands back to clamping his ass, pulling outward to give his brother easy access to his asshole. “My fuck-hole’s hungry for your big cock, and it’s wondering when it’s going to be fed. It’s been a helluva long time between feedings. You know that, don’t you?”

“You sexy bastard!” Ken said. His brother’s ass pucker was like a magnet for him. He crawled closer, positioning himself right in between Peter’s enticingly open legs.

“Fuck me, Brother,” Peter said. “Fuck me hard, and fuck me deep. Then, when you’re fucked in so far that I think I can feel yaw cockhead thrust through my ass-guts, swallow my big cock down your hungry mouth like an eagle devouring a snake.”

Ken put the head of his cock to his brother’s ass pucker, but it was a bucking of Peter’s ass which actually pushed the sphincter open around the tip of the hard prick.

“Well, the appetizer is damned good, as usual,” Peter said. He was feeling the strain caused by the cockhead inside his ass. He knew to expect even more strain as soon as the cockshaft was sent streamlining in after the cockhead.

Ken leaned forward, putting one hand to the rug on each side of Peter’s muscular chest. He shifted most of his weight to his arms and, in push-up position, prepared to fuck his cock deeper up Peter’s ass.

“Yeah, you do want my cock, don’t you, you sexy bastard!” Ken said.

Though he wasn’t yet fucking more of his cock up his brother’s ass, he was finding it damned hard to keep from doing just that. Poised as he was, he felt—as he always felt when engaged in fucking with his brother—as if he were about to lay claim to a missing piece of his own anatomy, his own being. There were times when he was fucking Peter, or when Peter was fucking him, when he felt the two of them were really one in body and soul. Such a feeling was always a turn-on.

“I want your cock,” Peter told him. “Goddamn, I want my ass fucked.” And, as if somehow fearful that Ken might be sadistic enough to keep the cock from him, Peter gave another bucking of his ass. Where the movement before had fed him only his brother’s cockhead, this one successfully saw his asshole gobbling up a good half of his brother’s powerful cock-shaft.

“Yes, damn it, yes!” Ken said, swiftly fucking in most of what remained of his stiff prick. There was, after all, no way on God’s green earth that he would have been able to keep from giving Peter the cock he so wanted. Peter wasn’t the only one who wanted that cock fucked up his ass.

Ken wanted it there. “Jesus, how I love fucking your tight asshole!”

“Fuck it!” Peter said, wrapping his legs around Ken’s lower body, locking ankles in the groove supplied behind Ken’s knees. “Yes, yes, yes, fuck my ass!”

He raised both of his arms, taking hold of Ken’s neck and pulling his face down to him. Hot, moist lips were awaiting Ken’s eager mouth. The two kissed, feeding hungrily on each other’s spit and tongues. They moaned separately, and in unison, passing sounds as well as saliva between them.

Ken fucked his cock as far as it could be fucked up the asshole. Ken's black pubic hair mingled with the black hair lining the crack of Peter's ass. Chest was once more hard against chest, a sensuous chafing of taut nipples occurring. Belly was hard against belly.

The two finally broke their kiss.

"Now, suck me!" Peter said, licking his lips in anticipation. "Let my cock know the wonder of your hot throat like my asshole is knowing the wonder of your hot cock."

Ken moved to comply, licking a trail from Peter's face to his neck, from his neck to his chest. As he bowed his body along his spine, his cock would have begun a slow slide out of position if the prick hadn't been bugged so firmly by Peter's asshole. So securely was the cock locked into place that both young men were suddenly wondering if further attempts of cock withdrawal would see Peter's asshole turning inside out. As if to prevent just such an occurrence, Ken's cock suddenly leaked a fresh gushing of clear fuck-juice which allowed the cock the amount of lubricant it needed for slippage.

Ken's head was hung forward on his neck, his forehead dragging slowly along Peter's belly. Ken could see Peter's cock just waiting for him. He could smell the cock too. It had a decidedly aphrodisiac aroma very similar to the way Ken's cock smelled when not tainted by the equally exotic scent found up the likes of Peter's tight asshole.

Peter felt the hot breath of his brother as it bathed his cock. Peter reached for his cock and lifted it from his belly so his brother could better get, at his prick. Excited by the continued sensation of Ken's cock up his asshole, Peter could only get more excited by the prospect of soon having Ken's hot mouth swallowing his hard cock.

"Oh, my God, yes!" Peter said when that delicious moment arrived, not only having Ken's cock up his ass but Ken's mouth opening wide around his cockhead.

Ken gave a groan of approval that echoed that of his brother. Peter was all hot and excited by cock up his asshole and the mouth on his prick, and Ken was really getting a charge out of the way his brother's cockhead was pulsing against his lips, his asshole spasming around his cock.

“Mmmmmmm,” Ken hummed in further appreciation of the delicious taste of those fuck-juices he was hungrily licking from the pouted hole in the head of his brother’s cock. He concaved his cheeks and gave a wet and noisy suck that drew the cockhead in farther, following by sucking up a good inch of the cockshaft.

“I knew you could do it, you sexy bastard,” Peter said appreciatively.

He had anticipated success in as much as Ken always had been supple—supple enough to suck his own cock. Peter had not only seen his brother perform that feat but had been inspired to do the same to his own cock.

Eating one’s own cock required a dexterity that could be put to good use in the sexual contortion Ken was now attempting.

Ken had kept in practice. There were some nights when he felt horny, but not horny enough to go out on the town. On those nights, it was convenient to be able to suck himself. And, wrapping his mouth around his own cock was a lot more of a turn-on than just a common, everyday kind of jack off. He was glad he had kept in practice.

“Take it all, brother,” Peter said in encouragement. A reflexive humping of his hips helped put his cock even deeper into Ken’s face.

Ken had intentions of taking all of Peter’s cock. And, not only would he take it, but he would plug his cock all the way up his brother’s ass while he was doing it. The way it was, his cock had pulled out almost to its halfway point, pulling out a bit farther as his mouth dropped even deeper over Peter’s cock. Ken, though, knew he was close to success. His mouth would be feasting on Peter’s cock down to his balls while his own cock would be fucked in to the point where his hard belly was mashed against Peter’s hard asscheeks.

“Yes, yes, sweet Jesus, yes!” Peter moaned, feeling more of his cock disappearing into the wet warmth of his brother’s hungry mouth. He put his hands on Ken’s head, took hold and pushed down.

Ken’s munching lips moved closer and closer to the base of Peter’s prick.

He was already feeling the tickle of the black pubic hair that sprouted in a healthy bush at the bottom of Peter’s swollen cock.

“You’re almost there, cock-sucking stud,” Peter said, encouraging Ken to make the final effort required to get his mouth down all of the way. “You are fucking, fucking, Jesus fucking, almost there!”

Then, Ken was more than almost there. He was there. All the way there.

His mouth, formed into an oval around Peter’s cock, was pressed tightly against that spot on his brother’s belly from which his prick sprouted.

He had all of Peter’s cock fucked into his mouth and down his throat.

Somewhere inside his throat, feeling very much as if it was down near his Adam’s apple, the cockhead leaked another tasty deluge of pre-cum. And while those fuck-juices were extremely tasty, they left Ken wanting the more creamy, more delicious goo that would come squirting when Peter finally let go his cum load. Ken had tasted more than his share of thick cum since he had made his move to Seattle, but he had yet to discover a mouthful he enjoyed quite as much as his big brother’s cum.

“I knew you could do it, stud,” Peter said, his fingers curling in Ken’s black hair, feeling the silky strands flowing sensuously. “Goddamn, but I knew you could make this fuck wonderful.”

“Ahhhh, yesssss,” Peter said, feeling Ken’s cock, which had been pulled partially free of his ass as Ken completed taking Peter’s cock all the way into his sucking mouth. “Beautiful, beautiful! Jesus, beautiful!”

Ken couldn’t have agreed more. He was really turned on by the fact that he had mastered his contortion to the point of having Peter’s cock fucked so deep inside his throat while his own cock was fucked so deep up his younger brother’s tight asshole.

Success achieved, the two rested right where they were for long seconds.

Ken’s back relaxed even more, making his contortion even easier as time ticked away. However, a point was reached where the success achieved really wasn’t enough. There was, after all, more to a fuck than simply burying a cock up a hole. There was more to a suck than drawing all of a prick into a hungry mouth and throat. Fucking required a steady pumping of cock up the asshole. Sucking required a bouncing of head over the swollen prick. Ken wanted to pump and bounce. He wanted to milk Peter’s cock to

explosion up his mouth and milk his own cock to an ejaculation up Peter's clutching asshole.

"Eat me! Fuck me!" Peter cried, feeling the exquisite ecstasy inherent in the slow withdrawal of his brother's cock from his asshole and the slow lifting of Ken's lips along the straining shaft of his hard cock. "Chew my fat prick. Screw my fucking, funky asshole!"

Ken had always known fucking with his brother was good. However, his stay in Seattle had made him forget just how good. He had begun to suspect that the fucking he got in all of those bars and baths was comparable to, or even better than the fucking he got from Peter. He had been wrong. In all the cocks he had sucked since he'd left the farm, in all of the assholes his cock had fucked, there had been no joys comparable to what he was now experiencing.

The irony was that, as good as fucking with Peter was, it had never been quite enough, and it wouldn't be enough now. Ken never got enough fucking. That magic moment of having enough fucking, as close as he always managed to come with Peter, remained elusive. However, until that magic moment arrived, he was back to the realization that fucking with Peter was about as close to perfection as he was going to come.

"Oh, God, the pleasure!" Peter groaned when Ken paused with just his cockhead inside his asshole and his mouth wrapped just over the top of Peter's burgeoning prick.

As the pleasure swelled for Ken, whatever discomfort remained from the complicated posturing that had his spine bowed soon disappeared completely. With its disappearance, Ken was better able to move into full swing. His head took up an even more speedy bounce, his hips bucking with more effect in fucking his cock up his brother's asshole.

Peter was really flying high. Not only because he was always given wings by his brother's sexual performance, but it had been a long time since he had had sex other than the feel of his own hand or mouth over his cock.

Where Ken had at least had the release offered by the warm bodies he so easily picked up in the bars and baths, or by the willing men who would service his cock through the glory holes of certain park restrooms, Peter had been left in an environment that seemed excessively straight.

“Oh, stud, I’m close,” Peter said with a low moan.

As much as he had always enjoyed fucking with his brother, he could tell Ken was more the expert now than he had been when he had left the farm.

Knowing that, Peter could actually be jealous of the outlets Ken had found on moving to the city. Peter wanted those outlets, too. Jacking off and sucking his own cock were no longer as fulfilling as they had once been. Fucking with Ken had made those forces inside him less all-consuming, but Peter was no longer—except on special weekends like this one in Seattle—able to have access to his brother’s sexual talents. Some other arrangements were soon going to have to be made, whether those arrangements entailed Peter having to move to Seattle himself, or attend WSU with hopes of satisfying his sexual drives with other gay students, or some other solution.

“Jeeeeesus!” Peter said in low groan while his brother kept moaning around his hard cock. Peter was close to shooting his cum-load. He could only hope that Ken was just as close as he was, because there was little he could do any longer to hold his approaching climax in abeyance. He was just about to blast his jizz. In fact, he was somewhat surprised that he hadn’t shot off already.

Peter needn’t have worried about Ken. Ken had no intentions of being left behind when his brother let go. And he knew that he was going to be right there with Peter. Already, Ken was feeling a pleasurable ache in his balls that told him the explosion was about to take place which would set him to squirting his cum to freedom. He wanted that release, too.

“I’m going to shoot, Ken,” Peter said, wanting his brother to know. He knew there could be no more waiting for him. He had already waited longer than he could have ever imagined possible. “Ken, I’m... Christ, I’m... going to cum, cum, Jesus, cum!”

“Cum, stud!” Ken said in command, his words muffled around his brother’s cock.

Peter rolled his head on his neck, pressing the back of his head into the thick pile of the rug. He shut his eyes and pointed his chin toward the ceiling. He opened and shut his mouth, able to come up with little more than gasping noises. The final waves of pleasure, before his final moment,

rushed through him, making him acutely aware of the final thrust of Ken's hips that fucked his cock into place deep in his ass and left it there. He was equally aware of the way Ken's mouth dropped all the way down onto his cock and stayed there.

Inside Ken's mouth, Peter's cock throbbed with a heartbeat all of its own. Peter's balls had been gathered within a contracting sac that molded the balls like rubber. Inside his balls were reservoirs of cum poised behind flood gates that were just about to be blasted open.

Inside Peter's asshole, Ken's cock pulsed with a rhythm all its own.

Ken's balls were drawn so closely to the base of his cock. His balls were fat ones under normal conditions, but, filled with juicy cum as they were now, his balls really bulged. Ken's balls shifted in preparation for releasing their cum-load.

"Oh, Christ, Ken!" Peter said, his voice rising to a yell as his climax exploded upon him. "I'm cuming, cummming, fucking cummmmming!"

Which was nothing Ken wouldn't have been able to tell for himself, considering the mouthful of thick cum that came exploding out of Peter's pulsing cockhead.

"Aaaagghreeeeugh!" Ken gasped, his own balls choosing that exact moment to shoot cum far and deep up his brother's ass.

The feel of Ken's hot cum turned loose inside his asshole sent Peter into even greater spasms of fuck lust.

"Damn, damn, Jesus, damn!" Peter yelled, strangely feeling as if the cum being fucked up his asshole by Ken was somehow being sent directly out of his own cock and into Ken's sucking mouth.

The two spasmed together. Their ecstasy was good. So great was it that, for the moment, both young men thought maybe it did possess that little extra something for which they were both so desperately searching.

It was only after the passion of the moment had passed, Ken slowly coming unbent to free Peter's cock from his mouth and release his own cock from his brother's asshole, that they both knew that—although their sex had been the best ever—it still wasn't enough to keep them both from

suspecting there were still higher plateaus of fuck thrills to be reached elsewhere, with someone else.

CHAPTER THREE

Jenner Morrison's cock was out of his pants. A big cock it was, too! So big that, when flaccid, its sizable foreskin seemed to have somehow been designed for a smaller cock. The excess flesh never seemed to come close to a complete covering of the massive cockhead.

Jenner's cock wasn't soft at the moment, however, and its tube of foreskin had been shot through with the stiff cock, the bulky skin left as a thick turtle necking at that point where the cockhead began its flare from the cockshaft. The foreskin was moved by the firm grip Jenner had on his cock at the moment. He was pumping his prick in a smooth, masturbatory rhythm.

Jenner's muscular ass was firmly positioned in the crotch made by a big limb that sprouted from the trunk of a tree bordering one edge of Jed Mouller's cornfield. As Jenner beat off his cock, however, it wasn't corn that had his attention as much as it was corn-holing. And it wasn't just the corn-holing, either, as much as it was the young stud who was once again fucking his big cock up the asshole of some man Jenner had never before set eyes on.

The guy doing the fucking was Gil Sampson, for Christ's sake! Jenner still couldn't believe that he was seeing what he was seeing. But, there it was, clear as day. Gil Sampson was fucking one guy's ass, and he was fucking ass like sixty, too.

Nor was it the first time Gil's big cock had been fucked up the guy's ass. It had been there before, having deposited so much cum the first time that Jenner had seen the pearly ooze flooding to freedom when Jenner had pulled his cock out that first time, the guy getting fucked having been bent over the fender of the car. Shortly after that fuck, the guy's pants pulled up and zipped up, the bastard—his asshole probably still drooling Gil's spunk—had dropped to his knees in front of Gil, like a Goddamned pagan giving worship at some phallic shrine. If anyone's cock looked like it should have been the object of worship, it was Gil Sampson's big prick. His cock was even bigger than Jenner's sizable prick.

The guy had sucked on the cock Gil had sticking from his open trouser fly. He'd sucked that cock that Gil had, just seconds before, fucked up the bastard's ass. He'd gone down over it, from cockhead to balls, with an ease that had Jenner knowing that the prick being sucked wasn't the guy's first. Jenner had actually felt his own throat clogging in empathy, because he knew that Gil's cock should have choked a horse, let alone a human.

Gil had no sooner shot his wad in the guy's greedily sucking mouth than Jenner was seeing the guy's Adam's apple bobbing up and down with each swallow. Then, the cock-sucker had stripped down to the buff, having Gil do the same. Now, the guy, on his hands and knees on the ground, was once again taking Gil's cock, this time the way one dog would take a fucking from another.

Jenner couldn't believe it. In fact, there were a whole lot of things he couldn't believe about what had happened over the past few minutes, and what was happening now. He couldn't believe Gil Sampson had fucked some guy's ass, let the guy suck his cock, and was in the process of ass-fucking the guy again.

Gil just didn't fit the mold for a faggot. Hell, Jenner had known the stud all through junior high and high school. They were friends. They were Goddamned good friends. They were on the football team together.

They ran track. Gil had never had a hard-on in the locker room. A guy who was turned on by cock and male ass would have surely gotten a boner in the shower room with the hunky studs who went to Jefferson Taylor High.

Anyway, Jenner figured that would be the case. He knew he had always used his own ability to keep his cock soft in such situations as a verification of his own straightness.

Jenner had, on occasion, felt he had taken a less than healthy interest in his classmates cocks, bodies, and asses, but that interest had never been to the extent of getting a hard-on in the presence of another guy's nudity. His cock had gone hard as iron that time Ken Cleaver had propositioned him, but he figured any guy would have gotten hard if he'd been asked by Ken if he wanted his cock sucked.

Jenner had been shocked as hell to discover that Ken was queer. Ken was another guy who had looked and acted like the stereotype butch straight.

However, at the moment, Jenner's feelings toward Ken, toward his discovery ken was gay, toward having been so tempted to take Ken up on his offer to suck his cock, were relegated to the background, supplanted by the erotic and shocking ass-fucking scene in progress in the cornfield.

Jenner simply couldn't believe that Gil had gone from ass-fuck to suck to ass-fuck without losing his hard-on. Jenner knew how some of the guys liked to boast of their sexual virility, going on about cum after cum after cum in quick succession. But, Jenner, who figured he knew bullshit when he heard it, had never been able to cum more than twice. But, here was Gil Sampson going for thirds. With a man, for Christ's sake!

What Jenner was really having trouble believing, however, was that he was watching. Hell, he wasn't just watching, either—he was jacking off while he was watching. If there was something a little sick about even watching, there was something decidedly sick about being turned on by what he was seeing and whipping his cock while watching.

Jenner was torn between being excited over having happened along the road at the exact moment Gil had gotten into the strange car, and being disgusted that he was witnessing this perversion in which one of his best friends was involved.

He should have driven right on by when he had seen that car pull off into the cornfield. On the other hand, how could he have just driven on by when he'd been witness to the strange way the driver of the car had decided to leave the main roadway and disappear amid the cornstalks?

Granted, Gil Sampson was certainly old enough and big enough to take care of himself, but even Gil would have been helpless had someone pulled a gun on him.

As it had turned out, the only thing that had been pulled was the hot cock in Gil's pants. And Gil had been anything but helpless. The way Jenner saw it, Gil had been pretty much in charge from the very beginning. There had certainly been no one forcing him to fuck that guy's asshole,

which had been just what Gil had been doing by the time Jenner had parked his car and come exploring.

“Oh, yes, you sexy farm boy, fuck me like only you can fuck me!” Henry Wilcox was saying.

Gil Sampson’s cock was fucking up his ass on a slick of cum left there when he had fucked Henry the first time. Henry’s voice carried surprisingly well, rising above the cornstalks to where Jenner was observing and jacking off in the nearby tree.

“Yeah, I’m fucking you, all right,” Gil said, as surprised as anyone that his cock was fucking hard. No matter what he had bragged in the past, no girl had ever gotten three consecutive fucks out of him. Two fucks with Tandra had been his record. Mandy had finished him off with one fuck, even though she was supposed to be more experienced in the erotic arts than Tandra had been.

But, hell, here he was going for three fucks, feeling as if he might even make it four. And, that was after he had practically ruptured his balls in two consecutive cums, each of which had been bigger and better than anything he had ever experienced fucking Mandy, Tandra, or even his own hand.

“Fuck me harder!” Henry pleaded, rolling his ass to feel Gil’s big cock stirring up his ass-guts.

He was really being fucked by a champion, and he certainly did know it.

After he’d sucked off the stud’s cock, he had thought to call it a morning. But, when Gil’s cock had come from his mouth, after cumming, as hard as it had come out of his asshole, after climax, Henry had been simply too turned on to resist going for thirds. Besides, he wanted to see Gil naked. So, Gil had obliged him by stripping naked. And, when Henry had set eyes on all of that tanned and superbly sculptured muscle, he had been hooked. The blond farm boy did all sorts of good things for Henry, not the least of which was the way Gil’s cock thrilled him when it fucked hard and fast up the man’s clutching asshole.

“Sure, I’ll fuck you harder!” Gil grunted, doing just that. “I’ll fuck you faster, too. Because there just isn’t anything quite like a hard and a fast fuck, is there, you cock-sucking bastard? Is there?”

“Nothing!” Henry said in agreement. “Jesus, Jesus, nothing like a hard and fast ass-fuck.”

If Gil’s previous two ejaculations had left him with a hard cock, they had also conditioned him to the point where he could not fuck longer before orgasm than he had those first two times. The pleasure which was building up inside of him was doing so slower than it had when he’d found ass-fucking an entirely new experience. The extra endurance his first two fucks had given him was more than enough to let Henry know he had really lucked onto a stud fucker this time around.

“Fuck me!” Henry said, his head falling forward to the point where he could see his cock jutting beneath his belly.

There was no need for him to grab his cock this time. There was no need to whip his prick to climax. His intuition told him that he was going to cum this time with just the feel of hard cock up his asshole... no need to help things along this time with his hand. This was going to be one of those magic moments. Henry felt that magic flickering inside of him, ready to blast into miraculous ejaculation whenever Gil finally decided to activate the trigger mechanism by blowing hot cum up his asshole.

“Yeah, fuck him!” Jenner mumbled to himself in the tree.

He was still disturbed that he remained as excited now as he had been the moment he first realized just what it was Gil was doing to the man bent over the automobile fender during that first fuck. His excitement had actually increased from watching Henry’s sucking on Gil’s cock, increased to this moment of Gil once again fucking Henry’s asshole, and it was still on the increase.

Jenner knew what he should have done. He should have tucked his cock back in his pants. He should have climbed down out of that tree. He should have gotten the hell out of there. He didn’t tuck his cock away, though.

He didn’t get down from the tree. He didn’t get the hell out of there.

And, to make matters worse, he found that his mind kept returning to that time when he had been propositioned by Ken Cleaver. Ken Cleaver had offered to suck his cock, and Jenner had been tempted to say yes. He’d been so tempted, he’d forgotten to react the way any red-blooded American straight should have acted under the circumstances. He should have come

out fighting. He still wasn't sure what he had said, but it hadn't been vehement enough. It had been too polite a response, too calm, as if he were propositioned by cock-suckers every day of the year.

But, he hadn't been propositioned by cocksuckers every day of the year.

He had never been propositioned by another man—until that day he had been propositioned by Ken.

Jenner knew it was the general consensus that there was hardly any physical difference between Ken and Peter, but Jenner could tell the difference. Not to run down Peter, but Jenner had always found Ken the more mature of the two. Probably because Ken was the older brother. There had also been that certain something about Ken that had always gone beyond friendship, while Jenner and Peter remained the best of friends.

Friendship had been the brake which had prevented the attraction between Peter and Jenner from developing along certain lines. That brake hadn't been there as far as what Jenner had felt for Ken. Ken had been a year older, somewhat removed from the trinity of friends that had included Jenner, Gil and Peter. Ken had been removed, but he had been there, always on the sidelines as Peter's brother. Jenner had always been acutely aware of Ken being there.

Then Ken had asked him if he wanted his cock sucked. And Jenner had said no.

Jenner's hand took up jacking his cock harder. He realized that his accompanying thoughts of Ken had added to the pleasure already derived from watching Gil fucking that stranger. Jenner's sex was often enhanced by fantasies of Ken. Once, when Jenner had his cock bared for Sharon, her lips rubbing the tip of his prick, he had pretended that he had said yes to Ken—and that it was Ken sucking his cock. He had surprised himself and Sharon by shooting off the moment he had pretended it was Ken's mouth munching his cockhead.

He had squirted great slugs of cum into Sharon's sucking mouth. So much cum that she had actually choked on it. She had gagged and sputtered on her spit and on his jizz. She had come loose from his cock like a frightened animal. She had looked as if he had just pulled the cruelest of jokes on her. Possibly he had, because he usually gave her forewarning so

she could contain his cum in her mouth long enough to spit it out in a handkerchief. But, there had been no warning that time, and she had swallowed a great mouthful, losing even more cum than she had swallowed when she turned his cock loose only to be blasted in the face by the forceful slugs which had followed those first hearty squirts of cum.

“Oh, stud, you are fucking me crazy!” Henry cried, his voice several octaves higher than usual and actually bordering on a scream.

“I’ll fuck your Goddamn brains out,” Gil snarled.

His voice was strained in the face of his swelling fuck-lust. There was, after all, no way he could just fuck, fuck, fuck, without soon enough getting to his moment of blast-off. Just because he had fucked Henry’s ass to one climax, and had fucked his mouth to another climax, that didn’t mean he was going to be able to fuck forever this time. He was about to cum.

Gil’s hard-muscle belly whacked hard and loud against Henry’s sweaty ass on each complete fuck thrust of the young man’s cock up the man’s asshole. Gil was hunched over Henry’s body, his hips cupping the man’s ass, his chest pressed to the man’s back. His taut nipples were like tacks against Henry’s back.

The weight of Gil’s body atop him forced Henry’s elbows to buckle, bringing the man’s forearms to the ground. Gil followed the collapse of Henry’s upper body, biting Henry’s left shoulder as he fell forward.

“Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!” Henry chanted, forced to resort to the sounds of a broken record. There was a lot of things he would have liked saying at that moment, but he could get nothing out except for his begging, over and over, for Gil to fuck him. Henry had already climaxed once that morning, when laid out over the fender of his car, Gil fucking away at his ass, and now he was going to cum again. He was going to squirt whatever cum was left inside his balls, doing so without either him or Gil having bothered to touch his cock. All he had needed to get him this far, and all he was going to need to get him even further, was the massage of his prostate that the blond farm boy’s big cock was performing up his clutching asshole at that very moment.

“Soon, soon,” Gil said. “Soon you’re going to get an ass full of my cum.

And, you do want that cum, bastard, don't you? Tell me just how much you want my cum up your ass."

"Yes," Henry said, somehow managing something besides his begging about wanting to be fucked. "I want your cum badly, badly, damned badly."

Jenner thought for sure he was going to be the first to let go, if just because he was the only one there who hadn't gotten his rocks off at least once already. He had been so surprised at what he had discovered there in the cornfield, he had so firmly fought against any kind of immediate participation in it, it had been long after Gil had shot his wad for the second time before Jenner had actually begun an earnest masturbatory rhythm. Jenner was now beating his prick like sixty, and there was no denying the way the erotic quality of the fucking scene between Gil and Henry continued to instill within Jenner all of those ecstasies had by any voyeur watching one sexy stud ass-fuck another.

Jenner's balls, which had hung so low when he had scooped them first from his pants that they had chafed on the rough bark of the tree, weren't hanging that loose now. His balls were gathered up in the thickly wrinkled skin of his ball sac like a large burl sprouted from the trunk of some massive tree trunk. His cock was so swollen in his gripping fingers that he could no longer get his hand closed completely around its stiffness. His cockhead and cockshaft were smeared with pre-cum he had milked from his cock and veneered along the total length of his prick. He had so much sticky fuck fluid spread on the palm of his hand that his jacking off actually caused some of that fuck-fluid to form bubbles that made sucking, sexual noises whenever they popped.

"Ohhhhh, yesssss!" Henry said, once again going so far as to give verbal notification that he was teetering precariously on the edge of cumming.

"Squeal, stuck pig!" Gil said, his hips fucking completely out of his conscious control. For the last few minutes, Gil had been in no more control of his swelling fuck-lust than Henry had been in control of his, and, for that matter, than Jenner had been in control of fuck-lust.

The three men had been caught up in a sexual world that, unknown to Gil and Henry, connected them all, one to the other. Jenner was made only

that much more hot and horny by his knowing. He could only wonder if his ecstasy would be increased or decreased had Gil or Henry been momentarily released from their focus on fucking long enough to cast a glance to the tree with Jenner sitting in it. The tree was visible to the both of them, had they but had the inclination to look. Jenner was visible to them. So was Jenner's big, fat cock, now whipped a rosy red and ready to squirt his creamy cumload to the treetops.

"Ugh!" Jenner grunted in response to an exceptionally pleasurable shock that suddenly shot through his whole body.

While there had been a time when his sound might have frightened him, what with the possibility that it might be overheard and betray his presence, he was quite beyond caring at the present. Not that it much mattered, because Gil and Henry were so far caught up in their assfucking, so immersed within their own grunts and groans, that Jenner's sounds couldn't possibly have been singled out by them to betray the presence of the studly young man perched in the tree.

Jenner leaned his back against the roughness of the tree trunk behind him. His legs went stiff, that stiffness riding up the rest of his body to his taut abdominals and pectorals. He felt a tightness in his chest and throat. He tried to keep his eyes focused on the two horny fuckers in the cornfield, but his vision was blurred from a combination of passion and sweat, the sweat drooling to his eyes from his forehead.

Jenner had reached his moment, knowing that it was at hand, and there was no force on God's green earth with the power to hold his climax back any longer. He felt the sounds forming in his throat, the yell about to be released in accompaniment to his exploding cum-load. He fought to control the yell, still paranoid enough over the risk of discovery to willingly deny any more sounds than he had already unwittingly let escape.

"Oh, Jesus, God!" he gasped, unable to keep his words contained.

He added a low growl that heralded the first of those creamy gobs of sticky cum which were suddenly pulsing out of his prick to splatter tree bark and web his pumping fingers with slime.

As noisy as Jenner was at this moment of climax, he was saved from discovery, once again, by the simultaneous outbreak of sexual sounds

erupting from both Gil and Henry.

“Take my creamy cum-load up your... up your... up your Jesus... Jesus, Goddamned asshole!” Gil cried, his voice loud enough to scare a flock of crows settled nearby in the cornfield.

“Cum up my ass!” Henry said in accompaniment, his command so intermingled with Gil and Jenner’s noises that none could be extracted individually from the total. “Squirt cum, you Goddamned stud, bastard... while I cream, cream, fucking cream!”

While Jenner’s cum was still splashing hot and heavy, clinging like giant white slugs to the rough tree bark; Gil’s cum was basting Henry’s contracting asshole, and Henry’s cum was spurting from his cock to soak the crushed cornstalks beneath his belly.

“Bastard, take my cock, bastard, bastard!” Gil snarled, having ridden Henry to a position that had him flat on the ground.

He fucked his exploding cock deeper into place, torquing his cock against Henry’s prostate, which was doused with jism. He automatically found Henry’s hips, using his handholds to lift Henry’s ass up tighter against him. He shut his eyes, enjoying the flood of cum leaving his balls and filling Henry’s ass.

Jenner’s last grunts, uttered simultaneously with the last drool of his cum, occurred in time for them to remain concealed within the general cacophony of sexual sounds coming from Gil and Henry during climax. The additional sounds Jenner might have made as he milked his sensitive cock for the last of the pale cum inside his balls were sounds he was able to contain to the point of having no more than mere vibrations of them tingle the depth of his throat.

“My God,” Henry said, panting hard in the wake of the cataclysmic forces which had taken hold of him and shaken him like a dog shaking a rag doll.

With the sudden draining of his overpowering fuck-lust, he was more aware of the scratches on his chest, belly, and on his knees, scratches caused by his sexual grinding against the battered cornstalks beneath his body.

He was acutely aware of the ache caused by the continued placement of the young farm boy's hard cock up his asshole.

The blond stud's cock was still hard! If Henry hadn't had the unarguable evidence of that hardness fucked up his asshole, like a skewer rammed up the ass of a pig, he wouldn't have believed it. He could well imagine the snickers and disbelieving glances he would be getting whenever he tried to tell anyone about the stud he had picked up on a dusty road in farm country—a kid who had a cock that refused to go soft even after its third eruption of cum. And, it wasn't as if any of those three cum loads had been half-assed affairs, either. Each of Gil's ejaculations had fed Henry as much cum as some studs only managed to blow during a whole weekend of fucking.

"That was good fucking," Gil said, moving his hips so as to stir the mess his cock had made up Henry's asshole. He hadn't yet come down from his sexual high far enough to realize that his prick was still hard.

"Yeah, that was good fucking," Henry said, admitting to himself that his ass-fuck over the fender of the car, as well as the fucking of his mouth and throat by Gil's cock, had been really good.

But another fuck by this energetic, muscular, young man just might have turned out to be too much of a good thing. As tempting as it might have been to stick around for the rest of the day to try and eventually make the horny bastard end up with a soft prick, Henry somehow doubted he would have been able to manage that miracle.

"Christ!" Gil said, finally having gotten around to lifting his hips to pull his cock free of Henry's asshole.

His cooling cum felt sensuously good as it formed the slideway between his prick and Henry's surrendering asshole. When his cock came completely out, trailing a long streamer of fuck-juice behind it, it left behind it a pucker which closed beneath a magnifying layer of oozed fuck-juices.

"You've once more run this poor shit through the wringer," Henry said, attempting to clamber to his feet but accomplishing very little in his weakened state except to roll to his back. In his new position, he revealed a cock which looked a little pathetic in its shriveled pose, especially when

taken in comparison with the monster hard-on Gil still had miraculously standing against his lower belly.

Henry managed to get to his feet and stumble the short distance to his pile of previously discarded clothes. He was anxious to get dressed, knowing that, for perhaps the very first time in his life, he had had enough ass-fucking. Without the pleasure masking his pain, he realized that he felt as if every bone in his body had been bruised by the rough fucking he'd been through.

He pulled on his pants, glad to put his soft cock under cover. His cock being so flaccid, while Gil's remained so hard, made Henry feel old before his time.

Henry was glad to see that Gil was dressing. Hard cock or not, Gil was making no overtures to go for fourths. And Henry was glad of that, too.

He was glad, because he truthfully didn't know whether he would have survived another ass pounding fuck beneath Gil's hard and studly body. He was glad, because he suspected that, had Gil made the overtures, he wouldn't have been able to say no. Henry had always had some masochistic tendencies.

Gil really didn't think too much about the condition of his cock until he tried to get his hard-on contained in the crotch of his underpants. The cockhead seemed determined to poke out of the waistband. Then, when he tried zipping up his trousers, he didn't think the metal teeth of the zipper were going to close over his cock-bulge. At the same time he recognized the fact that he was probably good for yet another fuck, his intuition that Henry was satiated at the moment.

After fucking Henry three times, twice in the asshole and once in the mouth Gil was beginning to notice some things to which he hadn't originally paid much attention. Henry was older than Gil had first thought he was. Henry was probably even in his late thirties. His hair was beginning to thin. If Henry's belly wasn't yet gone to pots it gave hints that it soon would be. There was, also, a decided hardness about Henry that had nothing whatsoever to do with the man's cock or his body.

Gil didn't have the faintest idea how many horny studs the man had picked up on dusty country roads, but he suspected there had been quite a

few.

The comparison between Henry and Peter Cleaver, or between Henry and Jenner Morrison, or between Henry and Ken Cleaver, for that matter, was unavoidable at the moment. And, in such comparisons, Henry was bound to come up on the short end of the stick. Still, Gil told himself that it was hardly sporting to be so critical now that he had finished fucking Henry, because Henry had given him a good time. And, if Peter and Ken Cleaver were a few steps above Henry in quality, if Jenner Morrison had Henry beat all to shit in the looks, body, and cock departments—well, neither Peter, nor Ken, nor Jenner was as apt to have pulled down his pants for Gil’s big cock as Henry had been. Henry was an okay guy. And, considering the alternatives Gil had now that Henry was leaving, the man was going to be one hell of an act to follow.

“I think I’ll take to walking again from here,” Gil said, sitting down to put on his boots.

Gil could just imagine how Peter would have taken to being such a prime ingredient in his sexual fantasia. Peter was just about as straight as they come as far as Gil knew. That was possibly Gil’s main, problem, having gathered around him not only Peter but so many other friends who were so straight they couldn’t possibly have known or understood those unique needs and desires that were so strong inside of him. Needs that had seen him jumping at the opportunity to fuck Henry Wilcox’s ass and throat.

If Gil had been more worldly, he would have been more inclined to search out those certain guys who might have shared his desires for male-male fucking, making them his friends—instead of being forced into butching it up all the time with the group he had selected. Not that there had been all that many cock-suckers in farm country to choose from, at least as far as Gil had been able to figure out. Those whom Gil felt might have been persuaded to drop their pants—like Calvin Linehan, that cousin of Slim Linehan, who had come visiting last summer—hadn’t turned Gil on at all.

Unfortunately, effeminate men had never gotten Gil hot and bothered. So, his friends were the Goddamnedest butchest specimens the countryside had to offer. And, since Henry was the first stranger Gil had come across hot for ass-fucking, Gil suspected he was in for some pretty long, dry spells between getting his rocks off the way he wanted to. Because of that, he

suddenly didn't know whether he should be thanking Henry for showing him how pleasurable gay fucking was, or cursing the horny bastard.

"You're sure about not wanting that lift?" Henry asked. Surprisingly enough, he had about reached the point where he was not only willing to take Gil's cock for the fourth time, but he actually found himself needing more cock.

"Yeah, I'm sure, but thanks anyway," Gil said. "I'll just head off that way."

He pointed toward the area where the cornfield grew thicker. As he did so, something caught his attention near one of the trees visible off to one side. He really wasn't quite sure just what it was that had caught his attention. There was nothing there, not even a Goddamned bird. Still, he had this funny feeling in the pit of his gut. Not a pleasant feeling, either.

"Well, it was fun while it lasted," Henry said. He couldn't imagine anything like this happening to him very often. Hell, he'd sucked cock for years before he had been able to file this one under his belt. And, if he hadn't pooped out, he might, at that very moment, have been rolling around for further fucking and sucking with this young, blond stud in the cornfield. He did, however, sense that his chances for continuation, had they ever existed after his last orgasm, were past now. He was expert enough to know how to go about making a graceful exit.

"Yeah, thanks for everything," Gil said, taking Henry's hand and shaking it. He watched while Henry got back in the car and maneuvered to get the car out of the corn and onto the roadway.

When the car was leaving its dusty trail down the road, Gil turned back to the cornfield and focused his attention on that line of nearby trees.

Figuring whatever it was which had caught his attention, if anything really had, was probably long gone, Gil headed in that direction nevertheless.

He told himself it had probably been a bird. Maybe a crow that had chosen a tree limb rather than picking about, in the corn. Maybe even a hawk.

There was plenty of birds in the area. They were always perching on tree branches, or on telephone poles, or on fence posts, checking the area out.

When he reached the trees, there was nothing immediately evident.

Whatever Gil had been feeling, he told himself it was purely the result of his probably having ended up being a bit paranoid about fucking with Henry; after all, it hadn't been as if the two of them had been fucking and sucking up a storm in private. In their anxiety to fuck, they had taken few precautions against discovery, except to get out of sight of the traffic on the road. In the process, they had left a trail of bent cornstalks that could have been easily followed by anyone curious enough to track the available signs.

There was no evidence that anyone had been watching them from one of these trees. And, a good thing that was, too. Gil certainly didn't want it being spread around that he had been fucking some guy's ass and mouth in a cornfield.

If someone had been spying from one of these trees, how had they gotten there? It was too much of a coincidence that someone had simply been walking through the cornfield, deciding to climb a tree just as Gil and Henry were dropping their pants for some sucking and fucking.

Gil heard a car. He listened harder, angling his right ear toward that distant motor. He would have felt more at ease if the sound had been that of a car approaching on the road, but that wasn't the case. What he had heard was a car starting. It must have been parked nearby while Henry's car had been in the cornfield.

Gil reached for an overhanging limb and took hold, scampering up the tree like a monkey. The first thing he noticed on the way up was that he could clearly see that section of the cornfield in which he had fucked Henry and let Henry suck on his fat cock.

He could see the road, too. He could see the car on the road. He knew the car. And, unless he was mistaken, that was Jenner Morrison behind the wheel.

"Goddamn it!" Gil said, feeling a sudden sinking feeling in his guts.

Jenner was one of his best friends. After Peter, Jenner was probably Gil's very best friend. Gil couldn't begin to imagine what Jenner was now thinking—if the young stud had seen them fucking from a position of hiding in this tree or in one of the other trees.

Gil's fingers touched something slippery on the rough tree bark. He pulled his hand away, examining the slime that was clinging to his hand.

If he hadn't known better, he would have suspected he'd dipped his fingers in someone's cum. He made a more thorough examination of the place where his fingers had touched and of the goo clinging to the bark, deciding it was cum.

CHAPTER FOUR

There were certainly less direct means of finding out if Jenner had witnessed Gil and Henry fucking in the cornfield, less direct means of finding out if Jenner had really left behind puddles of cum suggesting he had been doing a bit more in hiding than just watching. However, Gil preferred this direct approach, especially since finding Jenner's car parked at the old swimming hole made the direct approach viable. Granted, Gil had second thoughts, peering over the edge of the drop-off that gave him access to the pool, seeing Jenner swimming naked, in the water below.

Gil had figured that he could just let things ride for awhile and then, seeing Jenner later, pretend nothing had ever happened. Jenner would possibly have been more than happy to pretend that he hadn't seen anything. Such pretending would have certainly been easier, all of the way around, especially if Jenner had been turned on to the point of jacking off over what he had seen.

By the time Gil had stripped down, preparing to make the jump to join Jenner in the water, he decided that pretending nothing had happened would be pointless. There was no denying the fact that Gil was excited by having found evidence of Jenner's ejaculation in that tree. For someone who had, after Henry, expected to be faced with a return to masturbation, Gil had found Jenner's cum—if it had been Jenner's cum—an exciting prospect that should definitely be explored.

That the slime was cum, there seemed little doubt, since Gil had gone so far as to taste it. And, although the cum had tasted slightly different from those samples he had periodically eaten from his own cock, the flavor was similar enough to tell him that someone had shot off their wad in that tree, probably while watching Gil fuck his own wad up Henry's spasming asshole.

Gil could only thank God his hand had slipped in that slime of cum, because if it hadn't, he might have been handling this differently. The presence of the cum insinuated a degree of enjoyment experienced by the voyeur in question that Gil thought might be further developed. Not that he didn't see the danger involved in what he was planning. Just because Jenner

had gotten turned on by watching two men sucking and fucking, had gotten turned on to the point of beating his own cock to climax, that didn't mean it followed that Jenner was going to take kindly to any suggestion that his accompanying masturbation put him in the same category as Gil and Henry. Even Gil had to admit that there was a big difference between watching and doing something, whether one was turned on while watching or not.

Had the circumstances been different, Gil would have possibly come at this a little less boldly than he was now doing. His enjoyment of fucking with Henry, his sudden suspicion that such enjoyment wasn't going to be available to him as soon as Henry was gone, had left him desperate to find some kind of sex other than jacking off.

There was, also, the fact that it was Jenner who had been there, not Peter Cleaver. Had it been Peter, evidence of masturbation left behind in the tree or not, Gil would have been more likely to go the route of pretending nothing had happened, and of allowing Peter to pretend that nothing had happened. Gil would have done that, because he would have been afraid that any direct confrontations between them would have done irrevocable damage to their friendship. Gil could think of nothing he valued more in life than his friendship with Peter.

That wasn't to say that he didn't value his friendship with Jenner, because he did. In fact, Jenner, after Peter, was Gil's best friend. But, there was enough difference in that degree of friendship that Gil was able to risk the one—where he would have never been able to risk the other without a bit more to go on than cum slugs in a tree overlooking a cornfield.

"Heads up!" Gil said loudly. He came naked to his feet on the outcropping that overhung the pool below.

As soon as Jenner looked up, Gil jumped. Gil's cock was still hard, even after two fucks up Henry's ass and one fuck in his mouth, but it seemed hardly likely that Jenner would notice his hard-on during the short time it took Gil to travel to the water.

But Jenner did notice Gil's hard-on. It only took a matter of seconds for Gil to leave the outcropping and hit the water, but it seemed to Jenner as if the fall were made in delicious slow motion. Because, from his position in the pool, looking upward as he was, Jenner saw not only Gil's hard cock but

the boy's hairy balls. He saw the hair growing up the crease of Gil's ass. If he didn't actually see the young man's winked ass pucker, he imagined that he did.

In the water, Jenner's cock was hard, made harder by the sudden flux of water that was produced by the explosive entrance of Gil's naked body into the pool.

Jenner's cock had been stiff when he had climbed down from the tree. It made no difference that he had left a seeming gallon of cum clinging to the tree limb; his cock still hadn't gone soft. He'd had a hard time stuffing his cock back into his trousers before heading for his car. His prick had stayed hard as he had slipped through the concealing corn to where his car was parked. His cock had stayed hard, because he couldn't get out of his mind how Gil and Henry had looked with Gil's asscheeks dimpling with each blasting of cum up Henry's greedily sucking asshole.

Jenner's cock had stayed hard as he had driven the car out on the roadway, following in the dust left by the recent passage of Henry's car along the same roadway a few minutes before. Jenner's cock had gotten even stiffer when he had sighted the turn-off for the swimming hole and had taken it.

Once at the swimming hole, he had stripped slowly, having his boner exposed to the sun and the air, instead of immediately entering the pool.

He had done so because he had secretly expected Gil to show up on the scene at any moment. He had figured that if Gil Could spot his hard on, like Gil had spotted the hard-on of the guy in the car, then Gil might end up doing the same thing with him that he had done with Henry.

He had come to the swimming hole because he had expected Gil Sampson would come there. There was no better place to come for bit of refreshment after getting hot and sweaty during fucking than to a place where all the traces could be washed away in a refreshingly cool water.

Gil would come there. Jenner would be there, waiting with a hard-on. One thing might lead to another. Only, despite the effort Jenner had gone to in order to set things up, he really wasn't sure of what he wanted.

He wasn't for a moment denying the fact that he had long been attracted to studly members of his own sex. Nor was he denying the fact that he had

had homosexual fantasies accompanying masturbation and his sex with girls. What bothered him, however, was that most of his sexual fantasies had revolved around Ken Cleaver. Accepting his possible gayness had never seemed quite so bad as long as he imagined the other man involved with him was Ken. But, Jenner, looking upward to see that erotic descent of Gil's hard cock and sexy ass, knew that it wasn't Ken Cleaver entering the water with him. Nor had it been Ken Cleaver who had fucked Henry Wilcox in the cornfield. Ken was in Seattle. Ken was probably still as straight as a stick, there being no chance of him and Jenner ever fucking together.

Jenner's present problem, therefore, revolved around whether or not he was prepared to come out of his closet with someone less acceptable to him than Ken would have been.

"Jesus Christ, Sampson, are you graceful, or are you graceful?" Jenner asked when Gil finally came bobbing to the surface. Both boys were in the deep end of the pool, treading water. Their boners were out of sight, made no less hard by the swirl of cool water around them.

"No way do I attempt a swan dive after my last famous belly flop," Gil said, encouraged that Jenner was obviously pretending things were pretty much normal. When, if Jenner had seen and done what Gil figured Jenner had seen and done, things weren't ever going to be normal again.

Jenner swam a short distance away, made uneasy by the presence of his studly friend. His mind kept flashing with all of those erotic pictures of what Jenner had seen him doing with that stranger. Gil had fucked Henry's ass while Henry bent over the car. Gil had let Henry suck a hard cock still steamy from its fuck up the man's asshole. Gil had fucked Henry dog-style, and he was still sporting the hard cock he had pulled from that plugged ass the last time. Had Jenner stayed where he'd been, he might have made his movements in the water look innocent and natural enough to have actually touched Gil's cock. It had been because Jenner had so badly wanted to touch Gil's hard cock that he had moved away in the first place.

Actually, Jenner had just about reached the point where he had genuinely convinced himself that he must have imagined that he had seen Gil fucking with that stranger. It all had been some kind of fantastic wet dream. It had to have been. Because, here was Gil in the swimming hole

with him, and Gil certainly didn't look or act any differently than he had before.

Certainly, if what Jenner had seen had been real, there would have been some telltale physical sign on Gil to indicate the perversions that the young stud had performed.

"So, what's up?" Gil asked, giving a playful splash that sent water in Jenner's direction.

He knew what was up. His cock was up, and he wondered if that could be where he would lead the conversation next. As much as Gil wanted to get it out of Jenner that Jenner had been and enjoyed the fucking he had given Henry, he still wasn't sure just how he was going to manage it.

"Not much of anything is up," Jenner said, not bothering to mention that his cock was hard. "It was a warm day, and I thought, a swim might cool me off."

"Got pretty hot, did you?" Gil asked, wondering if Jenner could read the question behind the question.

Jenner had moved to a point in the water where he was touching bottom. He didn't, though, make any further attempts to leave the water. He still had a raging hard-on, and, if he had only imagined Gil fucking with that stranger, he didn't know how Gil would handle his hard-on. He knew how he would like for Gil to handle his stiff prick.

"Yeah, I got pretty hot," Jenner said in admission. Hell, he would have liked Gil to find him anyone, gay or straight, who wouldn't have gotten hot at the sight of Gil fucking that stranger's asshole.

"Yeah, I got hot, too," Gil said, moving closer. Compared to Henry, Jenner was really someone special. Although the water distorted what was below it, Jenner's chest was visible. A nice chest it was, too. It was prominently muscled, with square pectorals, brown hair haloing each nipple. Below his chest was a scalloped belly. Below that, invisible in the moving water, was his big, uncircumcised cock. Gil wanted to see that cock. He wanted to do things to that cock that he had never done to Henry Wilcox's cock. All he had been interested in with Henry was the man's mouth and asshole.

With Jenner, it was different. With Jenner, Gil could actually contemplate being the one getting cock in his mouth or up his asshole.

“The water help?” Jenner asked, knowing that it really wasn’t helping him. His hornyness was on the increase. Of course, he could explain that away by the fact that Gil was right there with him, having moved to a nearness that would have allowed Jenner to touch Gil’s cock by merely extending his hand to do so. “Cool enough for you?”

“Naw,” Gil said. “I really had a morning workout. How about you? You as beat as I am?”

“I really haven’t done all that much, to be truthful,” Jenner said.

Certainly, he hadn’t done as much as Gil had done, that was for sure.

“I thought I saw you over by old man Mouller’s north acreage of corn this morning.” Gil said. “You hanging around there earlier, or was I imagining things?”

Jenner immediately felt the strangely exciting sensations that question sent spiraling through him. It insinuated that he had possibly been seen fucking. Actually, it did more than insinuate. Suddenly, Jenner didn’t know whether Gil was quizzing him to see if he was game for some fucking, or if Gil was merely curious to know how much, if anything, Jenner might have seen.

Jenner wished all of this had been happening with Ken Cleaver. Jenner would have given anything to have had Ken naked with him there in the swimming hole. Still, Gil sure as hell wasn’t anything to sneeze at. He was about as studly as they came, and Jenner refusing to go wherever this might lead, just because he wanted it to be happening with Ken, would have been rather like cutting off his nose to spite his face if he wanted to do, a little experimentation with male-male fucking, he had before him a guy who had more experience than he had had in that regard. For all Jenner knew, Gil was always being picked up by strangers who pulled down their pants for the studly farm boy. Jenner, though, ill at ease now with a stud who might be gay, would have really been at a loss as to how to handle a complete stranger in a car.

“I had to pass the Mouller cornfield to get here, didn’t I?” Jenner said, still noncommittal.

He was reluctant to take any giant step that was going to make any further friendship with Gil impossible. As anxious as Jenner was to know a little something of what Gil and Henry had been experiencing there in the cornfield, he had been so long conditioned as a heterosexual that he might yet become paranoid enough to spoil things.

“Did you happen to see me there?” Gil asked, still determined to take advantage of whatever it was which had seen Jenner leaving his studly cum splattered in that tree. “I was off in the corn with a friend.”

“Fucking up a storm, were you?” Jenner asked, taking the lead Gil had given him. It wasn’t something he wouldn’t have normally said.

“Yeah, as a matter of fact, I was fucking up a storm,” Gil said. The way it came out, it could have been purely exaggerated boasting. Then again, if Jenner had been in the tree, he would know who Gil had been fucking.

“Well, it wasn’t very neighborly of you not to flag me down to share in the goodness,” Jenner said, feeling a throb of his cock pull his prick back hard against his belly.

“I would have, but I didn’t really know if that kind of fucking was your bag,” Gil said, deciding he had come too far now to turn back. So far, Jenner was handling it all very well. If Jenner had seen Gil and Henry, popping his rocks in the tree as a result, Gil could take the way this conversation was going as a very good sign indeed.

“Who did you have? Mandy?” Jenner asked, willing to Gil an out if that was what he wanted.

After all, for all Jenner knew, this thing with Gil and the stranger had been a once-in-a-lifetime thing that he had no intention of ever repeating.

Maybe that was the reason Gil was here—not to seduce Jenner, but to make it plain that one gay fuck didn’t turn a guy queer. A good buddy wouldn’t go putting labels on a guy just because that guy had succumbed to fucking a little male ass. Jenner had to remember that the same cock that had fucked Henry Wilcox’s ass and mouth had also been up Mandy Wayne’s cunt, probably in her mouth, too. Not to mention Tandra Kiark’s pussy and mouth.

Jenner was suddenly afraid now that Gil wasn't interested in carrying on with him where he had left off with Henry. And, damn it, right when Jenner had just about rationalized himself into giving in to needs which had been inside him for a long time.

"I was fucking ass," Gil said, moving closer to Jenner in the water.

"Jesus, damn, was I fucking ass! You ever fucked ass, Jenner?"

"No, but I hear Mandy sometimes rolls on her belly," Jenner said, answering Gil's question. "But I'm surprised she'd do it for you, considering the size of your cock compared to the size of her asshole."

Although all of the guys had always made such cock comparisons a part of their everyday conversation, Jenner was suddenly embarrassed by this reference to Gil's cock, probably because he knew that Gil hadn't been fucking Mandy Wayne's ass. He also suspected that Gil knew that he knew.

"It wasn't Mandy, though, was it, Jenner?" Gil asked, moving even closer to his good buddy.

Jenner was possessed by a sudden impulse to run that was offset by a desire to stay right where he was and ride this thing to its conclusion, no matter what that conclusion might be.

"Not if you say so." Jenner said.

"You know it wasn't Mandy's ass, because you were there, weren't you?"

Gil said, figuring if he was in for a dime he may as well be in for a dollar. "And, you weren't just driving by on the way to the swimming hole, either, because I know where you were. I also know what you saw, and what you did while you were watching."

"Look, Gil," Jenner said, knowing that the point of no return had just about been reached by the both of them. "We're buddies, aren't we? We've been buddies for one helluva long time, right? So, maybe I did see what you were doing this morning in the corn with that guy." He smiled. He had a very attractive smile that revealed an even row of white teeth in startling contrast to his deep tan and dark brown hair. "So, maybe I saw you fucking some guy's ass. You think I'm going to make a big deal out of it? You think I haven't been curious about how it is with another guy?"

Hell, I used to have fantasies all of the time about Ken Cleaver, if you can believe that.”

“Peter’s brother?”

“One and the same,” Jenner said, with a nervous laugh. “Which doesn’t make me queer, does it? So don’t think that just because I happened on you and some guy who was all hot for your cock that I’m going to give any more importance to it than the thing warrants.”

“Damn, that is a relief!” Gil said.

What Gil had really been fearing all along was that Jenner wouldn’t be able to rationalize continuing a friendship with a guy who fucked male ass. And, if Gil had ever tried to fool himself into believing that Jenner’s friendship didn’t mean a lot to him, he had only been lying to himself. So, Jenner was saying that he had been able to put things in proper perspective, and everything was still cool between them. Without another word, things could have gone right back to where they had been, back to that secure, safe relationship that had seen Gil, Jenner, and Peter friends, but not fucking partners.

The only trouble was that Gil wasn’t sure he wanted to go back. He wasn’t sure he could go back. If he had been feeling Jenner out for fucking these last few moments with words, he had really wanted to feel the stud out with his hands, with his mouth, lips, and tongue—with his hard cock.

“I found your calling card in the tree,” Gil said, knowing he had come this far and had to go a bit farther, especially if there was even the possibility that Jenner might be persuaded to carry his obviously liberal attitudes into actions.

“My calling card?” Jenner asked, momentarily confused.

Then, he seemed to realize to what Gil was referring.

“Oh!” he said, in his moment of enlightenment. He blushed the red actually managing to make itself visible through his heavy tan. “Yeah, well, I would have had to be made of Goddamned stone not to have gotten a little turned on by all of that fucking, right?”

“Looked as if you drowned the tree in your cum,” Gil said, determined to keep Jenner talking about what the stud had seen Gil and Henry doing.

By talking, Gil hoped to gain more insight into Jenner's attitude coining in the face of all of this. Goddamn, but Jenner was getting sexier by the second. Gil wanted to reach out to him, wanted to take Jenner's hand and put it on his own cock, telling the stud that he had made the cock hard.

Which wasn't a lie. Gil's cock had been initially hard by having fucked Henry Wilcox, but Henry was now gone, probably out of Gil's life forever.

Jenner, though, was here now, naked in the water with him, possessing a face, cock, body, and an ass that put Henry Wilcox to shame. The only person who might have gotten Gil hornier than he was now would have been Peter Cleaver, and Peter was off in Seattle visiting his studly brother, Ken.

"I made quite a bit of noise while blasting," Jenner said in confession, knowing that Gil could have left the subject safely.

Jenner hoped Gil had stuck to the theme because he was leading up to something. He tried to think of some way he could let Gil know that he would be receptive. If only he could have just reached out and touched Gil, seeing if Gil's cock was still hard. But, as much as he might have wanted to do that, he couldn't do it. He was scared. He was frightened shitless by knowing he was on the verge of taking a step that was going to plunge him into territory from which there might be no return.

Bullshit! he thought. A little male-male sexual experimentation didn't necessarily turn anyone queer. On the other hand, Jenner had suspected his own queerness for a long time.

"Did you realize I was watching," Jenner said, "when I started squealing and bathing that tree, in all my juicy spunk?"

"As I remember it, I was too fucking busy blasting my own cum up Henry's asshole to pay much mind to what was going on in a tree or in a cornfield," Gil said.

Gil reached out with both of his hands, putting them on Jenner's bare shoulders. He hadn't planned the movement. It had just happened that way.

There was no way he could have planned it, no way he could have stopped doing it when the reflexive impulses had moved him. He didn't hold hard, however, giving Jenner an opportunity to pull free. It wouldn't

have taken all that much effort on Jenner's part to break contact: all Jenner had to do was step back.

Jenner didn't step back, though. He was glad that Gil had had the expertise to read all of the signs correctly and act, where he had been scared too shitless to act. Jenner moved his hands through the water, his fingers coming close to Gil's hips, but not yet touching. He still couldn't bring himself to risk the electric shocks of pleasure he knew would accompany any touching initiated by himself.

"Do you know what I was thinking about while I was fucking Henry Wilcox's mouth and asshole?" Gil asked, feeling his voice emerge strained through the tightening cords that were stringing the length of his throat.

Gil was actually beginning to tremble, and not because of any chill of the water. What was happening here was of more significance than his fucking of Henry had been. He was about to actually proposition Jenner Morrison, his friend, his buddy, his teammate on the football field and on the running track. And, if he was reading all of the signs clearly, he was going to hear Jenner say yes to his proposal. And whatever resulted would be far different from any casual sex Gil might have had with Henry Wilcox in some cornfield, because there had been a deep relationship between Gil and Jenner long before there had even been a hint that there might be something sexual.

"What were you thinking when you were fucking that guy's mouth and asshole?" Jenner asked, trying once again to make contact with Gil's hips in the water, but once again aborting.

"Not of him at all," Gil said. "Certainly not of Henry. But, of someone else. Someone I know far better than Henry, but with whom I never thought it possible I would ever be able to do the kind of fucking I was doing with Henry."

He didn't bother telling Jenner that it was Peter, not Jenner, of whom he had been thinking. He really didn't think further clarification was necessary.

"And, when I watched you fucking that guy's asshole, beating my cockmeat, I was having a few fuck-fantasies of my own," Jenner said.

His fantasies had revolved around Ken Cleaver, but that was really of no more real importance than the fact that Gil had been conjuring Ken's

brother.

Actually, Gil, Jenner, Peter and even Ken, had been so close throughout their lives that there was a kind of literal substitution possible that facilitated what Gil and Jenner were going to do now.

“Christ, I can’t believe this is happening,” Jenner said. He shook his head to clear it, fearing, as he did so, that the illusion was going to dissolve, and he didn’t want it to dissolve.

“Do you know how often I’ve dreamed of this happening?” Gil asked, somehow finding it not in the least strange that it had always been Peter and not Jenner in his dreams. Jenner, after all, was close to Peter.

Jenner’s hands finally touched Gil’s hips and slid to the firm asscheeks that made up Gil’s shapely ass. Gaining more confidence as the seconds ticked on, Jenner stepped in even closer, shuddering with the pleasure that resulted from the caress, there in the water, of his hard cock against Gil’s hard cock.

“Jesus, you sexy bastard!” Gil said, taking Jenner in his arms and puffing him close. Their bellies and their chests touched, water exploding upward between them as their nearness left no room for it.

Their cocks came to rest, side by side, touching as they did so. “You Goddamned sexy sonofabitch!”

The two kissed, a brief kiss at first, followed by one a bit more forceful and experimental. It was the first time either boy had kissed another male. There was a fascinating difference in the mating of male lips that made it different from kissing a girl. That same difference between male-male and male-female spilled over into the feel of two hard muscular bodies being pressed tightly together in the water.

For the first time, Jenner really recognized that certain something that he had always found missing when he had made out with girls. There had been something absent, something that was present now that Gil was in his arms. And, he intuitively knew that it would be there had he had Peter or Ken Cleaver pulled to this close a mating with him.

Their tongues probed as they tentatively exchanged saliva. Their nipples stiffened and chafed sensuously. Their cocks leaked clear precum that

formed an oil slick in the water around them.

“Let’s go ashore,” Gil suggested when the last of their ever-lengthening kisses was broken. “I want to feast my eyes on all of you.”

They went to the shore, keeping hands locked, as if each expected the other to somehow dissolve into thin air unless some kind of physical contact was maintained.

The two youths came out of the water like two Greek Gods having just been born within the pool. Both sported powerful boners that had their cocks erect, parallel to flat bellies. Those cocks weaved one way and then the other as the two mutually agreed upon a stretch of moss-covered shoreline shaded by the drooping limbs of a willow.

Both boys were at ease here, feeling far more safe than either had felt in the cornfield. But, that was because this place was private, and it had always been. It had always been a special sanctuary which offered a kind of hideaway for four guys, and for those four guys alone. Gil, Jenner, Peter, and Ken had been the only ones, as far as they knew, who came to this pool formed by the cool stream water. The boys would probably have been a little hard-pressed to come up with explanations for their having decided to keep the place so sacrosanct between them. But, they had kept it that way. On those occasions when they had become members of larger groups out for a day of swimming, there was the bigger pool formed by Digger Creek’s tumble into the Snake River. That bigger pool was for everyone, and the smaller pool was a spot for only Gil, Jenner, Peter, and Ken.

Ken and Peter were now in Seattle. Gil and Jenner could do what they would without any chance of being disturbed by sweaty classmates who had come to escape the increasing heat of the day. Sweaty classmates would be found at the bigger pool.

The initial exploration each made of the other’s body was, by necessity, less organized than had been Gil’s initial contact with Henry Wilcox.

That was because Henry had known from the very beginning what he wanted from Gil, as well as knowing that Gil’s hard cock would feel good fucked up his asshole. But, then, Henry had had cock in his throat and asshole before. He had known, from experience, the pain and the pleasure.

Gil and Jenner, however, had virgin assholes. They were capable of suspecting there might be pleasure available for the recipient of hard prick, but they hadn't yet experienced that pleasure and were, therefore, a little reluctant to offer up either throat or asshole to a companion's big cock.

These moments were to be savored and enjoyed as they came. And Gil, who had missed these simple wonders when egged on to fuck by Henry—Henry having long ago become too jaded to enjoy lovemaking on such an unsophisticated level—felt envious of Jenner who was being initiated into male-male fucking by someone who loved him, rather than by some stranger more out for his own good time. And Gil did love Jenner, just as he had come to love Ken and Peter Cleaver over the years. The fact that he loved Peter best of all certainly didn't detract from that extra something love always managed to give to any fucking in comparison to fucking performed without it.

So, Gil figured he really didn't have too much to bitch about. If it hadn't been for what had happened between him and Henry, this certainly wouldn't have been taking place between him and Jenner now. And, if his sex with Henry had been loveless, that sure as hell didn't mean that it had been devoid of pleasure. There had been plenty of pleasure from his fucking with Henry to go around. Even Jenner had tapped into it to blow his creamy cum-load.

Also, Gil's experience with Henry had given him a certain expertise. It made this situation with Jenner less a case of the blind leading the blind, in that Gil did have a definite idea now of what was to be done and where it should all lead. The fact that Henry had sucked Gil's cock, giving both of them moments of exquisite pleasure, allowed Gil to move to Jenner's cock once he had licked his way to his crotch. Had he never had his own cock sucked before, he would have been less inclined to take Jenner's cock into his own mouth.

"Christ!" Jenner gasped, shuddering with pleasure.

Gil had done very little except give a hearty lick of his tongue that had wiped that spot where Jenner's cockhead flared impressively from the thick cockshaft. Jenner's bulky foreskin was peeled down to a turtle necking that left the cockhead completely free of excess flesh.

Gil pulled back momentarily, watching the way Jenner's big balls moved inside their containing sac. Inside those balls, Gil knew, there was an ocean of cum just waiting to be free. Gil remembered the sucking, slurpy noises Henry had made when greedily sucking up his exploding fuck cream.

He remembered the way he had sampled the slippery cum slicked to his fingers from the bark of the tree limb... how delicious that cool cum had tasted on his tongue. And, that had been Jenner's cum. Now Gil had the chance of getting some of that cum hot and scalding. He had a chance of catching it on his tongue directly as the cum-load was being fired from Jenner's pulsing prick.

"We've just begun to enjoy one another," Gil said in promise. At the same time, he reached out to take hold of Jenner's big cock. He pulled the cock out from Jenner's belly, moving the bulky foreskin over the hard inner core of the cock as he did so. He, once again, licked the cockhead.

Jenner immediately responded with another low groan of appreciation. As with the kissing, there was something uniquely pleasurable about Gil's tongue on his cock. That pleasure was as different as night was from day in comparison to the pleasure when Sharon had licked his prick. There was that extra something riding on Gil's lapping tongue that had never ridden on Sharon's.

Although Gil had never sucked cock, he had been a quick learner. He had been able to tell from the feel of Henry's lips wrapping his prick, as well as by watching, just how Henry had gone about making sure sharp teeth were shielded from doing damage by an expert folding of lips over them. That accomplished, his mouth open and over Jenner's tasty cockhead, he was only left to wonder if it were really humanly possible to swallow all of the cock Jenner had to offer. Henry had managed somehow to suck all of Gil's cock into his face, but Gil couldn't help thinking that there had to be some sort of trick to it that Henry hadn't managed to pass on. It was probably the same trick sword-swallowers used. Still, Gil was game to give anything a try once, especially since he had successfully managed to manipulate Jenner this far.

"My God, my God!" Jenner said in a sensuous groan, hardly believing that Gil Sampson had already sucked up the head of his cock and was going

down for even more prick.

There was little doubt but that Gil's initiative inspired Jenner to attempt reciprocal acts which, even upon their kissing in the water, he had been unsure he would be able to do. It had also helped that the closer Jenner had gotten to Gil's cock, the more delicious that prick had begun to look to him.

There was something exceptionally inviting about the way a bead of clear pre-cum pooled within the pouted slash dividing the cockhead. And, once Jenner had actually dared to lick that fuck-juice away, the taste of it had made him even hungrier for more fuck-fluids, as well as hungrier for the cock which supplied all of that goodness. He pursed his lips, put them to the head of Gil's cock and sucked.

"HMMMMMMMM!" Jenner hummed as his mouth closed over the cockhead. His lips made contact with the foreskin and began shoving that excess skin back along the cockshaft. More precum leaked from Gil's cock and was quickly spread over Jenner's appreciative taste buds.

It was as much an indication of both young men's true sexual inclinations as anything when they took to sucking cock so easily. That wasn't to say that they began with the expertise of a man like Henry Wilcox. But, even at the start, they possessed an intuitive expertise which made them each a far better cocksucker than Sharon, Tandra, or even Mandy Wayne had ever been or probably ever would be. Maybe it was because Gil and Jenner each had a cock of his own and knew what pleased his cock, thus, being better able to know what pleased another cock. Maybe it was just an innate ability and skill. Maybe it was a whole combination of things, but they were good at eating cock, and they got even better at it as the minutes went by.

Gil had begun bouncing his head over Jenner's cock, even though he had yet to suck all of the way down to the bottom of Jenner's cock lance.

However, on each forward fall of his cock, he was well aware that he was laying claim to a bit more prick than he had managed to swallow on each previous time. If he were lucky, very lucky, there was the chance he might yet get as far down over Jenner's cock as he knew Henry would have managed.

It was Gil who first realized that their side by side, sixty-nine position could be improved upon. Since it was really no big deal railing Jenner to his back and coming to straddle his face, Gil proceeded to maneuver just that without receiving any complaints from Jenner who, by now, had convinced himself he was game for anything.

What they came up with was the more classical sixty-nine position, Jenner on bottom, Gil on top. By scooping his hands down between Jenner's muscular asscheeks and the moss, and by taking hold to pull upward on Jenner's lower body, Gil was even more assured that he was going to have all of Jenner's cock before the kid blasted his cumload.

Gil, though, was going to be frustrated in his goal, at least that first time around. With a suddenness that left him surprised and breathless, Jenner found himself cuming.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Jenner bellowed, his words completely garbled around Gil's hard cock. He had hooked his hands on Gil's ass and, his mouth lifted over Gil's cock, was looking very much like a possum hung from the limb of a tree.

It was a good indication of just how different getting his cock sucked by a man was when Jenner's balls let go their cum-load so quickly after Gil had begun to suck his cock. Jenner had never popped his rocks so quickly.

Even the time he had fantasized it was Ken, and not Sharon, sucking off his cock, he hadn't managed to cum this fast.

"Aaaagggrrunghh!" Jenner said, opening his mouth in a low groan.

At the same instant, Gil opened his kneeling position over Jenner's face and fucked hard cock even deeper into his throat. Had Jenner not been so caught up in the exploding passion of his orgasm, he would have assuredly choked on Gil's cock. As it was, he took the cock down and probably could have taken even more had it been offered.

Gil was pleased as punch at his success, knowing that if Jenner was at ease enough to cum in his mouth, other barriers would soon dissolve. If there was one disappointment to the moment—and Gil would have had to look hard and long to find one it was that he was sucking away at Jenner's cum, and not at the cum of Peter Cleaver.

But Gil was too pleased with his taking of Jenner's pulsing cum really to be thinking all that much of Peter. And Jenner was too lost in his pleasure to know his enjoyment would have been doubled had it but been Ken Cleaver's hungry mouth then sucking his cock.

Gil sucked and sucked, not finding it the least bit strange that this, his first time at sucking prick, had seen him gobbling up all of Jenner's delicious cum without spilling a drop.

CHAPTER FIVE

Peter had just gotten his clothes off and the towel wrapped around his trim waist when there was a knock at the door. It was Ken in the hall.

“You look good enough to eat,” Ken said with a wide smile.

He was only wearing a towel, too, although that certainly wasn’t the only uniform acceptable at the baths. Already, Peter had seen guys in jeans, guys in jockstraps, and guys in undershorts. Some studs, usually those who figured they had cocks to brag about, didn’t wear anything at all, or compromised by draping their towels around their necks.

Peter glanced nervously around him. Down the hallway, there was a studly number, hairy as a Goddamned ape, leaning against the wall, wearing nothing but a black leather posing strap that was a couple of sizes too small for the cock and balls it was supposed to contain. The guy was definitely interested in Peter, but Peter glanced the other way, wondering if the guys in leather were somehow different than any of the others.

“You going to be okay?” Ken asked. He did, after all, remember how he had felt his first time at the baths. It could be quite a head trip for a kid fresh from the farm, especially when the farm kid couldn’t find a neighborhood kid to play around with on abet. Seattle, after the farm, had to be like a feast after a famine. “You want me to show you around a bit, get you oriented?”

“Naw,” Peter said. “I’ll just nose around on my own, take my own sweet time. You go ahead and don’t let your hayseed brother cramp your style. Okay?”

“Just remember that most of these people are just into games,” Ken said, “especially if you start wandering around through the slave barracks where a few of the guys seem to like spending their time all chained up.”

“Chained?” Peter asked. He knew what he had heard his brother say, but he wanted it verified.

“They may sound like they’re getting hurt,” Ken said. “They’re not, or they wouldn’t have allowed anyone to chain them up in the first place. A game is all it is. If someone suggests chaining you up, just say no, and

there'll be no one trying to force you into it. The real S and M guys go elsewhere for their kicks. In fact, if you think you'd like to try out the bondage scene—on the receiving or delivering end—there's probably no safer place to try it than here.”

“Have you?” Peter asked. “Let someone chain you up, I mean?”

“Yeah, once,” Ken admitted. “When it was a guy I really liked. Had one helluva good time, too, if you must know the truth. But, despite that good time, I’m still not all that sure it’s really my bag.”

“Well, this first time through, I think I won’t go venturing too far from the straight and narrow,” Peter said.

Ken checked the clock on the wall. “I’ll check in with you around six,” he said. “Action sometimes goes on well into morning here, sometimes all of the way until noon, but you’ll probably be ready to go by six, considering this is your first time here, and it will seem as if you’re a kid turned loose in an ice cream factory.”

“You think so?” Peter asked, wondering if that would be true.

He really hadn’t gotten used to the idea of places like this where so many guys were gathered with fucking as the prime matter of business.

There had been times, back on the farm, after Ken left, when Peter had actually thought he had to be the only gay left in the world. Yet, here in Seattle, a short distance by air from that world of the farm, was a building complex that had four floors of young men, middle-aged men, and old men, all out to get their asses and mouths fucked, or get their cocks fucked up tight assholes and sucking mouths.

“See those guys patrolling the hall and looking envious as hell?” Ken asked. Actually, Peter was still a little too nervous to notice most of the more blatant cruising that was being done. “Well, they’re all jealous as hell, because they think I somehow lucked out in getting to you before they did.”

“We look like brothers, remember?” Peter said.

“Then, they’re just biding their time, waiting for us to split up,” Ken said. “Together, we’re just too formidable for most of these fairies to take on.”

Peter laughed. He had a pleasant, sincere laugh that immediately brought him to the attention of those few nearby who hadn't already noticed him.

He was one attractive hunk, and Ken was right in that there were more than a few guys preparing to make it damned obvious that Peter could fuck with them, no matter how kinky his sexual demands might be.

"Six o'clock it is then. Right?" Peter said, waiting to make sure he had the time down right.

There was no way he was prepared to find himself wandering around in this place without at least some kind of an escape plan. And, since he had had a few beers earlier, Ken having introduced him to a few of the city's more popular gay bars, Peter was feeling just a little fuzzy.

"And, if you're ready early, and happen to see me wandering the halls, just let me know," Ken said. "I can cut my nightly fucking short for my baby brother."

"I really appreciate that," Peter said with a wide smile that indented the dimples in both cheeks.

But Peter was wondering just what he was doing here when he could have been back at his brother's apartment, fucking and sucking Ken half to death. So far, there wasn't anything he had seen that held a candle to his brother. Then, he did remember that he had asked about Seattle gay life, and Ken had proceeded to give him a quick tour. So, here they were, Peter feeling as uncomfortable with too much sex available as he had felt back on the farm where there was no apparent release for his fuck needs except for his own hand and his own mouth.

"Okay, then," Ken said. "big brother here will let you get involved in some of the action."

He took a few seconds to adjust his towel, opening it so that the guy in the leather posing strap could see his prick. Ken then gave Peter a parting wink and headed off down the hall and, around a corner.

The first thing Peter did was retreat back into his cubicle, shutting the door and locking it behind him. He needed a few minutes to himself, a few minutes in which to get his wits about him. He simply wasn't used to such

ready availability of sex, and there was no way he could pretend that he was. And, despite all of the reassurances Ken had given him, Peter didn't really know if he could handle himself in a place like this. He couldn't imagine what he would say to a proposition, although the alternatives were obvious. Sure, let's fuck—or no, thanks.

He shook his head to clear it, telling himself that his head was fuzzy because of the beer. At the same time, he had to tell himself that he could handle a lot more than a couple of beers before getting lightheaded. The whole truth of the matter was that Peter was simply bowled over by the Seattle gay scene. If the baths were a shock, with all the half-naked bodies on patrol; the bars had been no less a surprise.

The people in the bars might have had clothes on, but they were as much on the prowl for cock as those guys walking back and forth in front of Peter's closed door. If Peter had found his life on the farm disturbing because he seemed the only guy in residence, he found it just as disturbing to be thrust into a world where sex was easily obtained by lying naked on a cot and opening up the door in invitation to all corners.

"Yeah, fuck me!" someone said. Although the voice was a whisper, it came so clearly to Peter that it sounded as if it belonged to someone there in the room with him. "That's the way. Jesus, Jesus, yes! That is the way to fuck!"

With a sense of relief, Peter realized that the voice was coming from the cubicle next door. Shortly after he had locked himself inside his room, he had heard the door next to his open and then shut, somebody entering.

Obviously, that somebody had returned with a friend.

"You like my big prick rammed up your asshole?" another voice asked.

There was a low, guttural grunt, but Peter couldn't be sure which of the two guys was responsible for it. "Why don't you tell me just how much you do like my cock."

"Love it, love your cock, love it," the one said, chanting his reply.

Peter wondered suddenly if he were hearing so clearly because the separating wall was so thin, which it was, or because he had a conduit

connecting his room directly to theirs—which he did, in the form of a large hole drilled into the dividing wall.

Peter had been so quick in undressing, so nervous when he had done so, he hadn't noticed the hole then. Since his return to his room, it had taken Peter's eyes this long to adjust to the point where he could now locate not only that hole, but also one connecting his cubicle to the room on the other side. Since he was hearing no sounds from the latter, he felt safer in putting his eye to it for a look see. Sure enough, that cubicle was empty, although it did show signs of occupancy. A pair of obviously expensive cowboy boots could be seen under the edge of the cot, and the sheet, on the cot was wadded to the extent of indicating it had already seen some kind of fuck action that evening.

"Your cock's in my ass so Goddamned deep, I can almost taste your cock up in my throat," one voice from the other cubicle said, drawing Peter's attention back in that direction. "Fuck me even deeper, if you can, stud. Ugh! Oh, ugh! Ahhhhh, yessss, deeper, deeper, deeper!"

"Sure, bastard, sure," came the reply. "That's one thing this big, long prick of mine can sure as hell do for you."

Peter knew it would take little effort to satisfy his curiosity as to what was going on. But he felt there was really little conjecture to be made, considering the sound effects he'd heard so far. Two men were fucking. There was a big cock fucked up a tight ass. All Peter had to do to see it was to get up from his cot, on which he was seated, make the two short steps which would take him completely across the width of his room, stoop to the level of the peep hole, and peer through.

He wasn't hesitating because he didn't want to take a look. The idea of seeing two guys ass-fucking was one hell of a turn-on. Peter had never actually seen two strangers fucking. He hadn't even been to a gay fuck film, although Ken had mentioned there were a couple in town. Ken had told him that there was little point in putting out money for a fuck, when the same cash would show them some real fucking. Well, the real thing was happening within a few feet of where he was sitting. The only reason he wasn't seeing it was because he was still a little embarrassed by the notion of playing Peeping Tom. However, the continued sounds of the fuck in progress were making him get over his embarrassment damned fast. He was

remembering how turned on he had gotten the time he had been fucking Ken and had glanced up to see their fucking images reflected in a mirror.

He got up from his cot, squeezing up the features of his face at the resulting squeak of springs when he did so. He somehow had the guys pictured as not being so involved in their fucking that they wouldn't notice sounds betraying Peter's intentions to spy on them.

He crossed the floor, quite convinced that where the floor hadn't made noises before, it was doing so now just for spite.

He dropped to his knees, the hole just a few inches from his face. He glanced first one way and then the other, as if he were expecting someone to appear out of the woodwork to point an accusing finger at him.

"Oh, baby, baby, you make me feel like I want to cum," a voice said from just beyond the separating wall. "Why don't you jerk on my cock while you fuck away? Yeah, stud, like that. Jesus, just like that!"

"I don't want you cumming before I do, bastard," came the reply. "You got that?"

"Just let me know when," Peter heard in answer, convinced that neither of the two men were too concerned with the possibility that their performance was about to be watched. In fact, the growing loudness of their conversation, knowing as both obviously had to know that the walls were so Goddamned thin, suggested that they were even going so far as to invite an audience. Anyway, that was the rationale Peter gave himself as he shut his left eye and put his right eye to the peep-hole.

It took Peter several seconds to determine just what it was he was seeing. That was because he really wasn't getting the whole picture, but only a segment of it, since the two guys were fucking while standing, positioned pretty close to the hole through which Peter was peering.

Peter, therefore, could see no chests, heads, or legs. What he did see was one mighty big cock moving back and forth into one mighty fine looking asshole. Although he had very little to go on, Peter could assume that he was seeing two studs who were in pretty good physical condition.

The stomachs, after all, were usually the first to go, and both of these bellies looked flat, hard, and firm.

“Oh, Jesus, that cock does feel good!” the kid getting fucked said as the thick cock once again disappeared deep up his ass. Peter saw a pair of hairy balls swinging forward to slap against the kid’s sweaty buns. While the kid was getting fucked, his cock was getting beaten by a large hand that had black hair growing along its back, black hair that matched the black hair growing along the crack of the ass of the guy doing the fucking.

Once positioned, Peter would have been loath to surrender his excellent viewing spot. He was excited as all hell by what he saw, the ass-fucking scene making his own big cock come swelling to erection. Peter even began beating his cockmeat, before he realized that he was probably stupid to be beating off his own cock when there were four floors of cock-suckers who would probably have been more than willing to service his cock for him. He was forced to jack off back on the farm, and he should have been taking full advantage of opportunities being offered by this place to which his brother had brought him. Still, even with all of those arguments against continued jacking off, he found it harder than hell to turn loose of his cock, especially when the fucking really went into high gear in front of his eye.

The finale of the ass-fuck was well worth the wait. Besides the erotic grunts and groans that came from both young men, heralding their mutual orgasm, there was that final banging of hard stomach into hard ass, big balls having been pulled tightly to the base of the fucking cock. The cock disappeared to the balls up the whole and stayed there. The asscheeks dimpled sexily.

“I’m cummmmming!” the bastard fucking announced, although even Peter already knew the guy was cumming.

At exactly that same moment, the kid with his ass fucked full of cock and cum, his cock grasped by a hand with hairy knuckles, began to erupt streamer after streamer of pearly cum that twisted this way and that in the air as the hand torqued around the exploding cockshaft. It seemed to Peter as if the cum being fed up the asshole by the big cock was suddenly bursting free through the big cock extended from the other end.

When the fucking had finally come to its cataclysmic conclusion, Peter was there watching as the cock was suddenly being pulled free of the asshole it had just fucked. The prick came out seeming even bigger than Peter remembered it being on its final fuck-thrust forward. The cock had

gained a certain degree of puffiness, as a result of its orgasm, which added to its present girth. The cock was slicked with juicy cum that smeared its total length.

The withdrawing cock halted with just the fat cockhead inserted in the gripping ring of the sphincter. Then, the prick popped completely free, pulling behind it a string of creamy fuck-juice that looked like snot.

The cock was then turned in Peter's direction, while a big hand milked it for even more cum. Peter suspected that the guy had known all along his fucking was being monitored and he was now supplying Peter with an encore. Peter's illusory feeling of privacy had been violated, and he was blushing with a return of his previous embarrassment. He felt the warmth flushing his face. He got to his feet and hugged the wall in such a way that he wouldn't be spotted if one of the performers suddenly decided to take a peek at his audience.

Peter definitely was no longer back on the farm. He had been thrust into a world which was entirely different from the one he had known. He could certainly see what had brought his brother to a permanent residence in Seattle. Ken's cock certainly would have never had to go begging for a fuck in these surroundings.

Peter's cock was still hard, ill concealed beneath the towel around his middle. Although Peter knew he was safe where he was, he suddenly wanted to put distance between himself and the guys in the next stall whose fucking he had just witnessed, whether he had a straining hard-on at the moment or not. He didn't know why, but the fact that the two had gone right on with their fucking, even while knowing Peter was watching, excited and disturbed him at one and the same time.

His sense of discomfort wasn't improved when he stepped into the hallway a few seconds later and pulled the door shut behind him. He had held out hopes of finding his brother there to greet him, but that wasn't the case. The guy with the leather posing strap was gone, too, apparently having given up on waiting, or, more likely, having gotten himself lined up with someone just as nice, if not nicer than the obviously shy Peter.

Not that the corridor was empty. One guy, who had just been walking by when Peter had emerged, even stopped and looked back, his expression

indicating he was more than interested in Peter's cock. The guy was actually quite young and very attractive Peter might have been more interested if he hadn't been so distracted by the fact that everyone else in that hallway was looking at him, too, at least two of them licking their lips lasciviously.

Peter felt like a piece of prime meat on display in some butcher's window. He didn't like the feeling. And, as he had found himself reacting to just about everything else since Ken had brought him here, he found himself embarrassed by being put on display.

He headed quickly down the hallway, turning right into another hallway and then left into another. What he had hoped to find was breathing space, some place with no people where he could pause for a minute and try to get things back into perspective. But there was apparently no place like that to be found, the baths, this weekend, were full to capacity, even the lockers filled. The fact that Peter even had a room was because Ken knew one of the guys on the front desk and had called ahead, a procedure which would have been frowned upon by any of those who had arrived before the brothers but had been assigned a locker or turned away. Nice weather had brought out those studs with good bodies who wanted to show off muscles accentuated by attractive tans. The nice weather had, likewise, brought out those guys who wanted to fuck with those studs with good bodies and good tans. There was also a full moon that evening, which always seemed to guarantee a full house.

It wasn't just the fact that there were a lot of guys, though, which began making Peter feel hemmed in. There were men in these very baths, at that very moment, who felt isolated as shit. However, none of those men looked anything like Peter Cleaver. There were more than a few of those present in the baths that evening who were interested in Peter, not only because he was a new face but because he exuded an aura of innocence.

Peter attracted those admirers like a magnet attracted iron filings. And, if by keeping on the move, he succeeded in losing some of them, there were others who immediately replaced the missing.

Peter did keep on the move, and he avoided eye contact, two ways he intuitively determined would give him as much isolation as he could expect anywhere on the premises—except locked within the safety of his room.

And, although Peter was more than once tempted to go back to his room and lock himself in it, he was restrained from doing so by the fact that he didn't know when he was going to be back in Seattle, and he wanted to take in all of it that he could. He was going to have to make decisions soon which were going to affect his whole life after graduation from high school. As moving to Seattle, like his brother had done, was one of the alternatives available to him, he needed every bit of pertinent data he could obtain.

He continued to be amazed by his findings as he made the rounds of floor after floor. If he had once had the stupidity to think himself one of a kind in a world of straights, he had quickly enough been forced to amend that original misconception. If the bars had already proved his uniqueness a lie, the baths only socked home the fact even more solidly.

Not only was Peter not alone in the world, as regarded his sexual preferences, but he was part of a sexual world wherein people had specialized needs that he had previously never even dreamed of.

He found the series of rooms set up for the pleasure and pain of the pseudo sado-masochistic crowd. He walked by handsome studs, naked and hung from chains that dangled from the ceiling. He saw those studs get their asses whipped and fucked. He saw one stud, with a weight suspended from his big balls, who begged Peter to kick that hanging weight as Peter walked by. There were stocks and bands, racks and slings, manacles and leg irons.

"Lock me in a stock and fuck the shit out of me," a handsome stud with curly, coal black hair said to Peter from the shadows. "My name is Mark, and I've got one hell of a tight asshole."

Peter stopped short. He told himself he had stopped because he was tired of walking, but even he knew it was more than that. He had stopped because Mark was attractive. Peter could tell that, even in the darkness of a room where the only lighting was supplied by the indirect illumination of hidden red light bulbs. Not only was Mark handsome, but there had been a certain sexy huskiness to his voice, a certain excitement to the way he had put the proposal to Peter. Mark was one of the few people who had claimed Peter's eye contact. He was the only one who, once having caught it, had managed to hold it.

“I’ll bet you could fuck me like crazy, too, couldn’t you?” Mark said, moving in closer to put a large hand on the bulge Peter’s hard cock was making in his towel.

He squeezed his fingers over Peter’s cock-bulge, reassuring himself that what he was feeling was the genuine article. Not that he had really ever doubted that it was, but some guys had been known to enhance their sexual equipment on occasion. Which was all right, if a guy was into rubber toys. Mark, though, was into the real thing. He was really into the real thing the size and hardness of the cock Peter was obviously offering.

Mark didn’t know what had allowed Peter to get this far into the maze with a cock that was still hard, but he wasn’t fool enough to pass up the opportunity being offered, especially since he saw the interest and attention sparking in Peter’s gray eyes.

There was no need for Mark to strip down to display his wares. He had come out of the showers as naked as the day he was born.

He was dark complexioned, like Peter. His heavy tan attractively accentuated his eyes and studly body. He had firm and well-defined pectorals, matching squares that faced each other across a deep cleavage.

His chest was hairless except for the strands that haloed each light brown nipple. His ridged, muscular belly was hairless except for the strands at his navel, and the thin line of hair that connected his belly button to the triangular bush of black cock hair at his crotch. Sprouting from that bush of black cock hair was a very hard and very large cock. So large was his cock and so hard did it manage to get on occasions such as this one, that Mark often found himself getting into arguments with guys whose idea of a good time was getting chained up and letting Mark’s big, hard cock fuck them. Mark looked like a top man, and if Peter were so willing to take at face value Mark’s request to be locked in a stock and fucked, that was only because Peter was too much of a novice to this whole scene to know what attributes usually distinguished a top man from a bottom man.

Mark had tried his hand at butching it up and doing the fucking of other guys’ asses. It wasn’t that he didn’t enjoy fucking ass. In fact, he still did, on occasion, enjoy fucking ass if he came across somebody he really liked, that somebody desperately wanting the feel of Mark’s cock up his ass. Far

that matter, Mark would have fucked Peter if that was what Peter had wanted. But, what Mark really wanted was simply what he had asked for. He wanted to be locked in a stock, and he wanted his studly ass fucked.

“Well, what do you say, stud?” Mark asked, excited by the fact that, if Peter hadn’t yet said yes, he hadn’t said no, either. Nor had Peter proposed that Mark do the locking and the fucking.

Mark put both of his hands to the top edge of Peter’s towel and unlocked the fold that held the material in place. He let the towel fall to uncover the cock it had been shielding, keeping hold of one end of the towel as he did so.

“Your cock tells me that you’re saying yes. Right, stud?” Mark said, reluctantly pulling his eyes from the sight of Peter’s hard cock in order to resume eye contact. He didn’t want to lose this one. Something told him he had a live one. He draped the towel around Peter’s neck, taking hold of both ends so that his fists hung pressed against the firmness of Peter’s pectorals.

Mark gave a pull on the towel that brought him forward. Mark, in turn, took a few steps back in the direction of the stock that was awaiting them, Peter followed, suddenly realizing that what had been happening between him and Mark was being noted from several quarters, as guys who wanted Peter and Mark for themselves were cursing the luck which had removed both studs from the running in one stroke. Peter was embarrassed by the attention his and Mark’s nakedness was causing. On the other hand, he was so excited by what was happening that he soon became less affected by the stares, to the point where he never even bothered trying to cover up his prick.

Mark, who had been guiding Peter closer and closer to the stock, suddenly had second thought... not about Peter, and certainly not about taking on Peter’s big cock. His second thoughts revolved around his suggested method of being restrained while Peter fucked him. While he had originally inclined toward the stock, he now thought the stock offered one drawback he didn’t want while getting his ass fucked by his prime specimen. The stock had slots for head and wrists. Which meant, once in position, Mark wouldn’t have been able to turn his head back to see Peter fucking him.

On the other hand, the manacles on their chains, both dangling from the ceiling just above them, offered a couple of things in their favor. They were close and Mark could have at them merely by lifting his arms and clamping metal bracelets into place. And they would allow Mark's head more movement than the stock. Hung from those chains, Mark would be able to see even more because of the large mirror conveniently positioned on a nearby wall for the specific purpose of reflecting what took place at the chains.

"You have a preference of stocks over manacles?" Mark asked.

If Peter had been turned on by the idea of the stock, Mark certainly wasn't about to do anything to lessen or abort that turn-on. There were guys, after all, who had fetishes for certain equipment. One of the best top men around wouldn't fuck a victim unless that slave was positioned head down on the rack.

"A preference?" Peter asked.

Actually, he wasn't quite sure what Mark had even asked. He had been so little exposed to the nuances of the bondage and discipline scene that he would have been surprised to hear that some people had definite preferences as regarded such things as manacles, stocks, and racks.

"Let's substitute these for the stock," Mark said, reaching up to set the chains and manacles into clinking collision.

For a honor-stricken moment, Peter thought Mark was suggesting that he should be made helpless in the chains. Such thoughts arose because Peter had never totally believed that Mark really had been volunteering to make himself helpless, even momentarily, in the stock.

"I can assure you that I'm just as good a fuck in manacles and chains as in the stock," Mark said.

He had misread the sudden expression on Peter's face as disappointment that the original invitation had been modified. However, if the stock was where Peter wanted him, Mark would only too willingly go that route. He told Peter as much.

"Oh, manacles and chains are fine, really," Peter said, a little embarrassed that he had misinterpreted. At the same time, he still couldn't

believe that Mark was still willing to play slave to him, the method of binding being the only suggested change.

“You’re sure?” Mark asked, wanting there to be no mistakes about any of this.

He had this guy, and he had no intention of losing him. A few furtive glances here and there around the room told Mark that he had latched onto a prize a few other guys wanted. That realization of want in the room, so tangible that it was reaching out almost to the point of physically touching him, made Mark even hornier than he already was.

“Yeah, I’m sure,” Peter said nervously, wondering what he should do now that he’d approved of manacles over the wooden stock. He couldn’t help wondering if such decisions were actually of so much importance in this room of sexual specialization.

As it turned out, there was no need for Peter to worry about what came next. Mark was well in charge of the situation, though he figured Peter was equally in charge. It had never really crossed Mark’s mind that he was dealing with an innocent in bondage and discipline, because it had been so very long since Mark had been innocent. If Peter did manage to come off as a little different from the usual run-of-the-mill stud who passed nightly through these rooms at the baths, Mark merely attributed that difference to the role Peter had decided to play.

As far as Mark was concerned, all of this was nothing but a game to be played, anyway. It was all sexual game playing. And, if Peter had come up with a role that was different enough so that it got Mark all hot and ready to submit, then all power to him! Mark saw that as indication that Peter had to be thoroughly experienced.

Mark lifted his left arm and put his wrist in the open manacle hanging from the chain above him he clamped the bracelet shut with a metallic click. He raised his right arm, his left hand able to aid in the positioning and locking of the final manacle.

Peter could only wonder how the manacles could be made to come unlocked.

He could see no place for a key. Nor did it look as if they could be easily pried open. He would have asked, but he would have felt silly doing

so. Someone who knew what was coming off here, as Peter was trying to pretend he did, would have known how his victim got down once chained up.

“Sir, may I have my master’s name?” Mark asked.

And, Peter, who suddenly realized their introductions had been a little one sided, told him.

Mark certainly didn’t believe Peter was Peter’s real name. Pseudos were one usual rule of the game. Peter didn’t know that. Anyway, Mark liked the name Peter. It had a decided phallic connotation that went well with a young man who came with a cock that would have looked at home on a horse.

“Well, Peter, sir, I’m all yours,” Mark said. “and, I can tell you’re one master who is going to know what to do with me, aren’t you?”

Mark wanted to be fucked. He wanted to be fucked by Peter’s monster cock.

And, if Peter knew how to do one thing, it was fuck. While he might have been a little at a loss to maintain his ruse had Mark required a more sophisticated preliminary, such as a beating of his ass by a riding crop or cat-o-nine-tails, he wouldn’t have any problems here. First, however, Peter wanted to take a few moments to check out what he had, making sure he really had it.

Mark was there, all right. Jesus, was he! All five feet, eleven inches, and one-hundred-and-sixty-five pounds of well-delineated muscle. Peter put a hand to the outer curves of Mark’s chest, one hand to each spot below each uplifted arm. Peter’s fingertips detected the dampness of sweat on the black hair that grew in those armpits.

“You are one hell of an attractive slave,” Peter said, not consciously aware that his use of the word slave had been an automatic slip into the vernacular of the game Mark had coaxed him into pitying.

He moved his hands down Mark’s flanks, slipping them back along the firm ass where his fingers played over the assbuns.

The delay prior to real fucking could only convince Mark even more that Peter was an experienced master who knew that he was hot and a delay

would make him even hotter. An amateur would have jumped on right away, making the fuck less pleasurable than it could have been. If it was a little unusual for a master to come right on out and compliment a slave, then on that slave's good looks, Mark was able to accept that as merely one more way Peter had chosen to differentiate his role of master from those who were merely pieces on the same game board. Mark rather liked the change of format. Few people were immune to the pleasures of a compliment, and Mark was no exception. It made no difference that he personally knew he was one fantastically nice-looking stud. The pleasure came in having someone he liked tell him so. There was always masochistic pleasure to be had in being continually dumped on, but Mark had to admit he was more turned on by Peter's approach.

Peter's gaze focused on Mark's hard cock. The prick was lifted tall in front of Mark's exquisitely muscular belly. The cock was larger around than a normal hand span. His cock was so long that its circumcised head rose to a position just past the young stud's knotted navel. From the base of the cock hung a sex sac that contained two balls that did the impressive prick justice. The balls moved, the sex sac moved, the black hair on the sex sac moved. Peter watched.

What Peter would have liked doing was sucking Mark's cock, but Mark hadn't asked for his cock to be sucked. His proposition had been quite specific. Peter remembered every word of it. It had consisted of proposing that Mark be locked in a stock, and that Peter fuck him. The stock had been supplanted by manacles, but that had only been after Mark had checked with Peter. Peter supposed he could check now with Mark, seeing if the stud would mind getting his cock sucked. But, Peter didn't ask, nor did he commence sucking without asking. Mark wasn't the only one who wanted his ass fucked by Peter's big cock. Peter wanted Mark's ass fucked, too. Peter had wanted to fuck Mark from the very beginning. If he, also, would have liked sucking Mark's cock, well, that desire was secondary.

"Fucked, that is what you said you wanted?" Peter said, releasing his hold on Mark and stepping back.

"Yes, master," Mark said. In anticipation of the pleasure that would soon be riding up his ass with Peter's cock, Mark's cock slapped back hard against his belly, splattering pre-cum in an asterisk design as it did so.

“Fucked by this cock, right?” Peter asked, grabbing his own cock and squeezing clear fuck-juices from his cum-slit. He claimed the pre-cum on the flat of his thumb and glossed the head of his prick. At the same time, he knew he was going to need more lubricant than just that, probably fuck-juices mixed with spit, to make the lunge up Mark’s ass.

“Yes, master fucked by that cock,” Mark said in ready agreement.

Mark got more excited during the delay. Had Ken appeared on the scene about then, announcing to everyone involved and watching—and the two studs had attracted a good many voyeurs as audience by that time—that Peter was a novice, a simple hayseed, straight from the farm, Mark wouldn’t have believed him. It was doubtful anyone else in the room would have believed him, either. In fact, Ken himself might have been hard pressed to retain his conviction of Peter’s comparative innocence, had he seen what had come before and what was about to follow.

“Then, fucked you are going to get!” Peter said, finally moving around behind Mark to where, he could get a better look at the ass he wanted, at the ass Mark wanted him to have. “I mean, slave, you are about to get fucked royally.”

“Yes, master, yes!” Mark said. He was more than ready. He felt suddenly as if he had been waiting his whole life for this fuck, even though Peter’s cock certainly wasn’t going to be the first cock or the biggest cock to make the trip up Mark’s asshole.

“Yeah, fuck the studly bastard silly,” a young stud said in a whisper from the sidelines, so caught up in what was happening between Peter and Mark that he had momentarily forgotten his need to satisfy the hard cock arisen before his flat belly.

Peter didn’t hear the kid’s aside. Or, if he did hear it, it really didn’t register. Not even he really knew how far he had retreated into the world made by him, by Mark and by the game the two of them were playing. But, at that moment, for Peter, the reality had telescoped down to that immediate space occupied by him, by Mark, and by the manacles and chains. Not only was he no longer embarrassed by his surroundings, but, like those two studs who had fucked in the cubicle adjoining his while knowing they were being

watched, Peter didn't care that there were other people getting off on what he was doing.

Peter's gaze slid down the back of Mark's body marveling at the beauty of it, the exquisite lines of stretched muscle beneath flesh gone golden with heavy tan and made more golden by the dim, red lighting of the room.

The snug crack that separated the two muscled buns of Mark's ass was dark with shadow. Beneath the ass, hung in the space between Mark's slightly opened legs, Peter could see the young man's balls. The sac that contained his balls was even then going through the contractions that soon would have those large balls hoisted to a point at the base of Mark's cock where they would be out of sight of anyone looking from the rear.

Mark was waiting with bated breath for Peter to touch him once again, although he wasn't really all that surprised that Peter continued to extend the delay. Mark's need for Peter's cock was building to fever pitch. When he finally did get fucked, he would find the fucking even more wondrous for having been made to wait so long.

"Ahhhhhhh." Mark heard himself saying when Peter's hands did touch him.

He hadn't consciously formed that sigh. It had just occurred.

Peter touched the studly body that had been put at his disposal. He was still lost in the sheer wonder of it being there. While he had no doubts there would be someone to come running if he attempted to do anything too vicious to this young man who had made himself slave and called Peter his master, there was at least the illusion present that Peter could do anything to Mark that he very well pleased. And, as in any game, the illusion was almost as good as reality.

Peter fastened a hand to each ass bun, pushing the asscheeks open. What was revealed within the shadow was a line of black hair growing the length of the asscrack, spilling over onto Mark's balls. Also revealed was the tightly winked ass pucker. Seeing that ass pucker, Peter could only wonder how his sizable cock could ever be expected to force that tightness to expand completely around it.

He took consolation from the fact that Ken's ass pucker always looked just as small each time he fucked his ass, and Ken's asshole had always

superbly managed the necessary stretching.

“Fuck him until he squeals like a fucking skewered pig!” the same kid urged from the sidelines. The kid, his eyes seldom having left Peter and the chained Mark, had taken up a languid beating of his cock.

An equally handsome stud, not so caught up in what was happening between Peter and Mark, noticed an available cock going to waste in its owner’s fingers, moved in and quickly dropped to his knees. He made indication of his intentions by sticking out his tongue to wipe both the kid’s cock and fingers, but the kid refused to turn loose of his prick immediately.

Although the boy knew a mouth was waiting, knew it belonged to someone he wouldn’t normally have been adverse to having suck his cock, he had second thoughts under the present circumstances. He had all intentions of watching Peter fuck Mark. If possible, he would have liked timing his orgasm to coincide with the ejaculation of Peter’s big cock up Mark’s tight asshole. That would be easier accomplished in a hand used to servicing his cock, a hand familiar with his needs, than in a mouth less able to coordinate the eruption of his cock to coincide with the eruption of that other cock soon to be fucked up the chained stud’s muscular ass.

Peter let Mark’s asscheeks slide back to a mating that concealed the run of black hair along the asscrack. Also concealed was the punctuating ass pucker. It wasn’t that Peter had lost interest. If anything, the actual sighting of that winked, brown asshole had gotten Peter really hyped.

This further pause had merely been necessitated by Peter’s realization that his cock was really going to have to be juiced for fucking if his cock was going to fuck up Mark’s asshole without splitting that asshole from its owner’s balls to his backbone.

Peter cupped his hands and spit into them. He worked up even more saliva and added it to the first deposit resting slick and bubbly in his palms.

Wondering if even that was going to be enough to do the job sufficiently, Peter wrapped his hands around his cock, spreading the spit along the length of his prick. Not quite satisfied, and wishing he had a tube of KY or Vaseline handy, Peter added to that smear the oozing pre-cum he managed to milk from the tip of his hard cock.

“His cock’s ready, stud,” the kid in the sidelines said, affirming what Peter had just decided for himself. The kid hadn’t yet surrendered his cock to the mouth panting for it, although he was more seriously considering doing so. The guy on his knees had a maddening way of flicking out his tongue and bathing the kid’s balls while waiting.

“Is your cock ready, master?” Mark asked, wanting Peter’s cock so badly, by that time, he would have willingly risked taking the big cock in a dry fuck. By twisting in his chains, and angling his head back over his left shoulder, he caught exciting glimpses of Peter’s slippery prick. “Oh, sweet Jesus, master! Tell me your big prick’s ready.”

“It’s ready,” Peter said. He knew he couldn’t risk waiting too much longer before getting started, or the wetness spread on his prick would simply evaporate.

“Fuck my ass, master!” Mark said, knowing that the sooner he got fucked, the better it was going to be. “Master, master, please fuck me.”

“Yeah, master, please fuck him,” the kid on the sidelines said. He pulled his cock down from his belly and aimed it at the mouth greedily awaiting his prick. He’d succumbed to temptation, the lapping tongue having been too much of an enticement to resist. If he was lucky, he might yet get his timing right and blast his cum-load when Peter did.

Peter’s towel was still draped around his neck.

He left it there, because he was a little paranoid about putting it down anywhere in the darkness.

He didn’t know what had happened to Mark’s towel, but he figured the handsome stud couldn’t find it on a bet.

“Please, master please!” Mark begged.

He had simply waited as long as he could wait. He actually thought, if he didn’t soon get the feel of the hard and fast fucking of Peter’s cock up his asshole, he would go stark raving mad. He struggled briefly against the manacles and chains that held him, thinking that the painful chafing that resulted would somehow take his mind off his need for prick fucked up his ass. The chafing actually did little more than supply pain that only increased Mark’s hornyness.

“Fuck me, master. Jesus, Jesus, fuck me!”

“Fuck him, you sonofabitch’n stud, or I will!” a hunky, butch number said from his position over by one wall.

He had gotten so turned on by what was going on between Mark and Peter that he had already beaten his cock close to a climax. And, unlike the kid who had been doing most of the talking up until then, this stud wasn’t about to turn his prick over to anyone else. He had already refused three cock-suckers who had made serious attempts to get at his cock. He did, though, allow one guy to suck on his balls, another to lick his ass, while he jacked off and watched Peter and Mark.

Most of those watching in the room, not having Peter’s apparent willpower, and not being kept from doing what they pleased by being chained up like Mark, had already started fucking and sucking. Had Peter but taken a second to come back to the reality that had more people in that room than just him and Mark, he would have heard all sorts of wet, guttural sounds of fucking progress.

For Peter, though, there was no reality except for his slick cock and Mark’s vulnerable ass pucker, the latter once again brought into view, this time by the placement of Peter’s left hand on Mark’s ass. Peter’s right hand had hold of his own cock, pushing his cock lance down to a position that made it possible for him to walk his thick cockhead right up to the opening of Mark’s asshole.

“Yessssss!” Mark said in low hiss when he actually felt the contact of Peter’s large cock against his small, winked ass pucker. It wasn’t going to be long now.

In his anxiety to get fucked, Mark delivered a backward bucking of his ass in an effort to fuck Peter’s cock up his asshole. Unfortunately, at the moment his attempt was made, Peter’s cock wasn’t perfectly enough placed to fuck into his asshole. As a result, Peter’s prick didn’t enter the asshole but rather was deflected upward along the asscrack, his cock becoming very much like a giant hot dog within the cupping grip of a giant, split bun.

“No, oh, fuck no!” Mark said in utter frustration, knowing that he had once again been deprived of the exquisite sensation of fucking a prick up

his asshole. He didn't know how much longer he was going to last in the face of being denied the fucking of his studly ass.

Luckily for Mark, he wasn't going to have to wait much longer. Peter's need to fuck his asshole was almost as great as Mark's need to have the hard cock fuck him. Besides, Peter was still aware that it was best to make his move while his cock was wet enough for the fuck. Already, some of the slick of fuck-juice and spit had evaporated, some more having wiped free during the ride the thick prick had just made up along the asscrack.

Peter once again used the fingers and thumb of his left hand to reveal Mark's asshole. Peter's right hand once again brought his cock into placement. This time, Mark gave a groan of delight upon contact, but he controlled all impulses to place the cock by himself. He wanted to make damned sure that Peter's cock was going up his ass this time around.

"Ahhhhhh, Jesssus, yes!" Mark said, finally feeling himself getting just what he wanted. Peter had pushed the thick head of his cock into Mark's asshole, having watched as the originally small fuckhole had rolled open wide enough to take the cock it was required to take. "Ohhhhhhh, yesssss, my sweet Jesus, yesssssss."

Now that Mark had the cockhead up his ass, however, there was no way he could be satisfied with just that hint of what it would be like to have all of Peter's big prick streamlining up his ass. He gave another hearty backward bucking that was far more successful this time.

"Uggghhhhh!" Peter grunted. The sudden disappearance of a good half of his cockshaft up Mark's asshole had taken him by surprise. A sudden squeezing of the asshole around the segment of cock it held left Peter feeling as if he were fucking a power vise.

"Give it all to me!" Mark said. If there had been pain involved in his taking as much of the big cock as he had already taken, that pain was nothing compared to the pleasure he was feeling.

Peter dropped his hands down to Mark's hipbones in order to hold the hanging body secure for the hearty forward fuck-thrust he then proceeded to deliver.

"Jesus!" the kid with his cock buried in sucking throat said in disbelief at seeing something as big as Peter's cock all of the way, so fast, up Mark's

ass.

Mark wasn't believing it, either. His mouth was opening and closing, but the only sounds that were coming out were sighs, moans, grunts, and groans. For Peter, it had been as if he had merely submitted the rest of his cock to the same pleurably painful squeeze that had previously claimed the first half of his cock.

"Christ!" Peter gasped, his fingers clenching tighter on Mark's hipbones as a sudden spasm of the asshole made that hole go smaller, delivering even more of a stranglehold on his prick.

"Fuck me, fuck me! Jesus, fuck me!" Mark cried, finally finding his voice, even if it was a bit erratic. "Fuck the living shit right out of me."

Peter, who about this time was thinking that any attempts at beginning any real fucking cadence would turn Mark's asshole inside out, was surprised when that didn't happen as Mark swung his hips forward in order to slide his asshole up along the embedded cock. The asshole, lubricated somewhat by the slick it had obtained from the spit and fuck-juice on the cock, moved reluctantly, but it did move. The resulting friction caused a burning that penetrated cock and asshole alike, setting prick and asshole on fire.

"Again!" Mark said in command. Having yanked his asshole partially off the cock, he fucked his asshole right back down over the prick so recently surrendered. "Again, again! Jesus, again!"

Peter got the message. If Mark seemed determined, apparently assured that there was going to be no danger of damage, then, Peter wasn't about to argue. He pulled back his hips, dragging his cock out far farther than any of Mark's fucking movements had managed. He drew his prick out until only the cockhead was being strangled by the tight sphincter at the opening of Mark's ass. This time, however, he didn't wait for any bucking of Mark's hips to sink the asshole over the prick. Peter fucked his cock in, all of his cock, in one massive fuck-lunge that brought gasps of approval from several voyeurs lined up along the sidelines. Several of those voyeurs had witnessed some wild fucks in their lives, but this one, they would have unanimously agreed, was one of the wildest.

If Peter had been a little slow in getting started, there was nothing slow about his fucking from here on out. He followed that quick fuck-lunge with a quick withdrawal and another fast fuck of his cock to his balls. The smack of his belly into Mark's ass caused asscheeks to be squeezed outward. For as long as the cock was deeply fucked up the asshole, the black pubic hair of Peter's crotch mingled with the sweaty strands of black hair lining the deep asscrack.

Peter's ball sac, still flaccid at the moment, but hastily contracting, came swinging forward on each fuck-thrust, whacking against the bottom curves of Mark's ass, sometimes swinging almost as far as Mark's contracting balls.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, slave!" Peter chanted to his quickly achieved fucking rhythm that saw his cock, each time, drawing out to his cockhead before fucking back to his balls.

Chains clanked. Not just Mark's chains, either. Some of the watchers had been so turned on by what they were seeing, they had decided to try some ass-fucking themselves.

One such guy was the butch number who had, but seconds before to the disappointment of those hungry for his cock beaten his powerful prick to a rip-roaring climax. Of his own accord, he stepped up to the nearest pair of dangling manacles and clamped his wrists into place. He didn't need to wait very long for takers. The guy who stepped up to fuck him waited a total of only two seconds from the time of arrival at the butch stud's ass to having cock rammed up that asshole to hairy balls, and the stud on the chains wasn't complaining.

"Good!" he said in a low grunt.

"Good, good, good!" Mark was saying in echo, not all that far away.

Peter didn't have to be told the fucking was good, at least as far as he was concerned. He was flying high, soaring even higher. With each fuck of his cock up the asshole, with each whack of his hard belly into Mark's hard ass, he took one more step up a very high mountain. And, with each fuck thrust, he knew that once he reached the top of that mountain there was only going to be one place to go, and that place was down. Down into the delirious oblivion of orgasm.

“Shit!” the young kid, who had been giving encouragement since the fuck started, said suddenly. He had just realized it had been a mistake to feed his cock to the greedy mouth that had been waiting for it. The mouth, belonging to a kid who had sucked off more than a few cocks in his time, had brought the sucked cock to its moment of explosion already.

“Damn, damn, I’m... fuck, going to, going to... Jesus... cum. Cum! I’m going to Goddamn cum!”

Elsewhere in the room, there were a few more cocks cumming. Soupy jizz was being blasted up tight asshole, into sucking mouths, and into whipping fists. Peter’s cock, though, wasn’t quite ready. Although, Peter very well knew that it was soon going to be.

The mating of Peter and Mark had become even more visually erotic, mainly because of the thin veneering of sweat which had arisen to gloss both bodies, giving mere flesh the appearance of burnished bronze. There was an added sexiness to the way both young men had eyes that were dilated, hair that was attractively tousled, mouths that were continually supplying guttural sound effects. Many new entrants to the room were so turned on by the fuck scene that greeted them that they could hardly imagine the turn-on of the preliminaries they had missed.

“Harder!” Mark yelled, knowing it wasn’t going to take too many more fuck-thrusts of the giant cock up his ass to send him into never-never land. “Faster, fuck faster! Fuck faster.”

So, Peter fucked faster. Not because he was actually out to comply with each and every command Mark decided to make. He fucked harder and faster, because primitive control centers inside of him demanded that he fuck harder and faster. Because, by fucking harder and faster, he was soon going to have his own thick cum basting Mark’s lovely ass. And cumming was what Peter suddenly wanted.

The kid on the sidelines, the one who had just blasted his cum into the sucking throat, was determined not to let his orgasm be the end of it. He quickly pulled his cock free of the mouth that was still greedily sucking for tardy jism. Without even a quick thank-you for the services just rendered, he made a beeline for the delicious boner that was jutting from the front of Mark’s body. Up until then, Mark and Peter had seemed too personally

involved to invite anyone to join them, but the kid was now willing to take the chance of rejection. Once he had reached Mark, he dropped to his knees, wasting little time in grabbing Mark's cock and sucking it.

"Yes, bastard, yes, yes!" Mark moaned. If he hadn't been ready for a hot mouth on his cock before, he was ready for it now. Better to feed his creamy cum to a sucking mouth than to the emptiness in front of his belly. "Eat my cock! Eat my prick! Get ready to drink any all of this stud's pearly cum!"

The kid was ready to drink Mark's cum. Mark was ready to feed him cum.

Peter, on the other side of Mark's hung body, was so caught up in the fuck that he wasn't even aware he and Mark had been joined. But he was ready to shoot his cum-load, too.

"Oh, my God, I'm going to cream!" Peter cried out. Actually, he had hoped to last a bit longer, not wanting to cum like a kid from the farm—so inexperienced that he was destined to blow his cumload prematurely every time he even got near a studly asshole.

But Peter needn't have worried, because no one had him pegged as a farm boy who, up until then, had only fucked his brother.

"Cum, you sexy bastard!" Mark said, hardly believing that he could have been given all the pleasure he'd already experienced and now have the pleasure of a mutual orgasm. "Jesus, give it to me now, stud fucker! Give me a blasting to shift my ass-guts and string my insides with hot cum."

Mark blasted his cum-load first. The resulting squeeze of Mark's asshole, at the moment he was cumming, was, of course, the final stimulus Peter needed to cum.

"Now!" Peter was screaming at the exact same moment Mark was feeding his soupy cum to the hungry mouth and throat dropped over his cum spewing prick. "Now, now, Jesus, damn, fucking stud, now!"

Peter's cock was like a fire hose, his cum turned loose under a pressure that did almost seem to shift Mark's ass-guts to one side in the spraying process.

“EEEEEEIIIII! Master, master fucker,” Mark bellowed, jerking on his chains.

If there was any pain inherent in the flooding up his ass, and the flooding out of his cock, any pain radiating from the red circles of chafed skin where his wrists were held by the metal manacles, he wasn't feeling it. Pleasure was what he was feeling. Pure, unadulterated pleasure that was exploding inside of him like a chain reaction.

When Peter was through, having pulled his cock free with a trailing of cum drooling behind it, his legs weak from exhaustion, he was just a bit disoriented.

“Oh, yes, fuck me!” Mark said, momentarily having Peter thinking that Mark wanted his prick in his ass again. Peter could only wonder if he had the capacity to fuck Mark again.

It hadn't been Peter's cock, though, that Mark had been inviting to fuck him. What Mark had needed Peter's cock to do for him was warm him up for the rest of the night, which it had done. But, not even Mark could expect Peter to put out all of the fucking he required during any one evening.

And, if it was doubtful anyone's fucking would compare to Peter's fucking, well, Mark was resigned to begin accepting second best.

Bob Boylston, a horny, truck driver who had entered the room in time to see the climax, had decided, if Peter was finished, he wanted a piece of the fuck-action. Peter, therefore, had no sooner come free of Mark than Bob was there, fucking his cock in on the slideway Peter's warm cum had smeared up the asshole. There was nothing Bob liked better than getting sloppy seconds, especially with a stud like Mark, and especially when the first fuck had been so expertly performed by a butch master like Peter.

Bob could really get turned on to butch masters, especially if they were as young and hung as Peter.

Peter, suddenly realizing that Mark had so quickly replaced his cock with another, must have shown his surprise. And Bob, who took Peter's expression as one of disappointment due to Peter having planned to fuck Mark again, was quick to take advantage of the perfectly opportune moment. He fucked his cock up Mark's asshole, momentarily stopping his

fucking movements. He reached out and took hold of Peter's cock, which was still warm and wet from its fuck up Mark's ass.

Surprised by the sudden clenching of Bob's fingers around his cock, Peter stepped back reflexively. Despite the slimy surface of the cock, Bob kept his hold. As a result, Peter's move made it seem to him as if his cock were about to be yanked free of his belly. He quickly stepped forward to relieve the strain.

"You anxious to put that cock of yours back to work?" Bob asked. He didn't wait for a reply. He figured the fact that Peter's cock was still hard told him all he needed to know. "Well, fuck it up my asshole, buddy, while I take care of your friend here for his seconds."

So, Peter fucked Bob's ass while Bob's big, uncircumcised cock churned away within an asshole made hot and juicy by Peter's cum. The kid, on his knees in front of Mark, having already taken one hearty mouthful of cum, was more than ready to stick around for another cum-load.

It was good fucking. As a matter of fact, all of the rest of the sex Peter had that evening at the baths, after Mark and Bob, was equally good.

"So, what's the problem?" Ken asked, crawling in the car beside his brother shortly after six the next morning. "You said you had a wild time, didn't you?"

"What makes you think there's a problem?" Peter asked, wondering if his brother would think him crazy if he told the truth.

"There is one, isn't there?" Ken asked, persistent only because he wanted to hear if what Peter had to say about the baths was the way he, himself, unavoidably felt about them.

"It's all so cold and detached, isn't it?" Peter said, deciding that he might as well get it off his chest. If anybody would understand what he was trying to say, his brother would. "I mean, there are all sorts of people there who are ready, willing, and able. You want your cock sucked, you want your ass fucked, you want to fuck or suck cock, and there's no problem finding someone to oblige. But, when finished, I realized I only remembered one guy's name, and that was probably only because he was my first fuck besides you. From all the cock I saw him taking last night,

from all the cock he probably took while I wasn't looking, I doubt very much whether he remembers my name."

"Yeah, it is all rather cold, isn't it?" Ken said.

There was no denying that he, like his brother, had noticed that coldness right off.

"I don't know about you, but I don't really think that's enough for me,"

Peter said. "I mean, I really do think sex should be more than one nameless body after another, don't you?"

"Sure," Ken said. "Sure, I do. But until that one Mr. Wonderful comes along the baths are better than playing with ourselves back on the farm, aren't they?"

To which Peter didn't have anything to say.

CHAPTER SIX

“What’s wrong? You hear somebody coming?” Jenner asked nervously. His pants were unbuckled and unzipped, but he was hesitating now before dropping them.

“Oh, it’s nothing,” Gil said. Actually, he thought he’d heard something, but it was probably just the normal squeaks and creaks of the barn. Each year, Gil wondered how the old building survived another snowfall.

It wasn’t the fear of being discovered that was bothering Gil at the moment.

“I guess I was just thinking about Peter, you know,” he said.

“What about Peter?” Jenner asked. His pants were down. So were his underpants. His cock was standing tall. Since he and Gil had started meeting for regular fucking, these moments had been the high points of Jenner’s days.

“It’s somehow not the same,” Gil said, a definite edge of regret creeping into his voice. “It hasn’t been since Peter got back from Seattle.”

“You think he suspects something?” Jenner asked. He was completely stripped down, and he wished to hell Gil would get a move-on. Gil still had his pants on.

“I don’t know what it is,” Gil said. And, that was the trouble. He didn’t like things to be different between him and Peter. He had liked them better the way they had been. “He did say that you and I seemed to have gotten even more chummy than usual lately. And, when he suggested that he and I head off to the swimming hole, I was already committed to meeting you here.”

“You tell him that?” Jenner asked nervously.

He liked Peter, too, Goddamn it. But having Peter find out what was happening between him and Gil was about the last thing Jenner wanted. It would probably blow poor Peter’s mind and ruin some good friendships in the process. Hell, maybe Jenner should have told Peter a long time ago that Ken was gay and had asked once to suck his cock. If Peter had known, and

come to accept that Ken was gay, it might have made it easier for him to accept Gil and Jenner being gay, too.

Jenner, also, didn't want things screwed up with Peter, because he didn't want things screwed up for himself with Ken. Jenner still couldn't get Ken's studly body off his mind. And, now that Jenner had come out and admitted to himself that he was gay, he was continually kicking himself for not having admitted it early enough to have let Ken suck his prick when the stud had asked. Jenner's main sexual fantasy continued to be his fucking with Ken Cleaver. And, if his luck held out, he might still make the fantasy a reality. Seattle, after all, wasn't all that far away.

However, if Peter were to find out suddenly that Jenner and Gil were fucking together, and freak out on that, it was doubtful Ken would ever consider making things worse by fucking with Jenner.

"What I told Peter was that I had a few extra chores my old man wanted me to take care of at my place," Gil said finally. Up until then, he, too, had been considering some of the ramifications that could result from Peter discovering that he and Jenner had started out sucking each other's cock and had progressed from there.

Oh, there was the potential for an ideal outcome to such a discovery, of course. That being that Peter would be all forgiving and even be tempted to join into the sucking and fucking himself. But Gil wasn't at all sure that was the way Peter would react, and he didn't want to risk any adverse reaction. On the other hand, having to cancel out a swim with Peter, because he had to meet Jenner for fucking, didn't make Gil any too happy, either. If Peter thought he was being neglected, he would have no trouble drumming up other friends to fill the bill. Hell, Peter had always been popular, and there had always been guys waiting in the wings to compete for his attention.

Goddamn it, why couldn't it have been Peter instead of Jenner whom Gil had discovered beating off in that tree? That would have solved everything. But, oh, no, that, would have made things too perfect. That would have meant Gil having his cake and eating it, too. Things had a way of never happening that way in real life.

And, hell, it wasn't as if he were putting down Jenner. After all, Gil hadn't been Jenner's first choice, either. Jenner was hung up on Ken

Cleaver, whom he should have let suck his cock a long time ago. Once again, things just hadn't seemed to work out.

Besides, in the final analysis. Gil didn't have all that much to bitch about. Jenner had really turned out to be a lifesaver, as far as Gil's sanity went. Because, after Gil had fucked away at old Henry Wilcox's throat and ass, there had simply been no way he could have gone back to fucking his own hand. Fucking around with Jenner was ideal. Neither Gil nor Jenner were suspected of being queer. Both had been hanging around together for so many years that there were no questions asked now. And Jenner was a damned good fuck.

"You want to cool it for this afternoon?" Jenner asked, finding it obvious that Gil was upset over Peter. Jenner knew just how much Peter's friendship meant to Gil, knew how much Gil was afraid of losing it.

"Not after waiting all week long for the feel of your asshole sinking down over my big prick," Gil said, telling himself that he had to shake himself out of his present funk. Hell, everything was going to be just fine. It had to be.

He hurriedly stripped off the rest of his clothing and discarded it on the nearby hay. The two boys had found a spot to one side of all the stacked bales. They had opened a couple of the bales to scatter hay on the floor, thus making their sucking and fucking a little more comfortable.

"Since you seem to have so much on your mind, why don't you just lie back and let me do all of the work?" Jenner suggested.

"You trying to tell me you've come up with something spontaneous?" Gil asked with a wide smile. He lay back in the hay, working his naked ass to a more comfortable position.

"Actually, I thought of it last week," Jenner said. "I've been thinking about little else ever since, and I usually end up having to calm myself by jacking off."

"Well, you are one hot and horny stud!" Gil said. "So, just how is it you want me positioned for this bit of experimentation?"

"Right where you are," Jenner said. "On your back, with your cock right where it is, so I can yank up your prick and sit on it."

“Going to ride my cock in dominant position, are you?” Gil asked.

Whatever was going to happen, it was fine with him. They’d done about everything else. And, depending upon how this came off, Gil just might oblige by riding Jenner’s big cock later. Turn-about, after all, was only fair play.

Jenner came on over, straddling Gil’s body at the feet and walking on up to the point where he was able to drop down to his knees, lowering his ass onto Gil’s thighs. He couldn’t miss the blond’s hard cock. That hard cock told Jenner that Gil was hot and horny, no matter how the guy might have been worrying about Peter finding out the two of them were fucking on the sly.

“I’m going to fuck my ass with your cock so good that you’re just going to be climbing the walls before I’m through,” Jenner said.

“Promises, promises,” Gil said, unable to miss just how far Jenner had come since that afternoon of sixty-nining at the old swimming hole when Peter had been in Seattle.

He then realized he was back to thinking about Peter, and he told himself those thoughts were liable to ruin a nice afternoon fuck if he wasn’t careful. And, spoiling it for Jenner was hardly fair. It wasn’t Jenner’s fault, after all, that Gil was so fucked up on Peter.

Peter, Peter, Peter. Anyone would have thought Peter and Gil were lovers, the way Gil was mooning around. Gil did want Peter as his lover. Gil had wanted him as a lover long before he had been really able to define his own gayness. Well, he could define it now, but it sure as hell wasn’t making things any easier on him.

“First, I’m going to suck your big prick with my hot mouth,” Jenner said, reaching out to fist Gil’s prick and lift its stiffness from his muscular belly. “But don’t go getting any wrong ideas. Because, no matter how loudly you might end up begging me to suck you off, I’m just going to get your cock wet enough for my asshole. Got that?”

“Do you hear me making any sounds of any kind that give you the impression that I’m putting up any protest?” Gil asked. He had reached for a piece of hay and was chewing on the blunt end. Several other pieces of hay were caught in his attractively tousled blond hair. He scooped up more

hay behind his back to act as a kind of pillow, so he could see better. “What, I’m wondering, is holding up the action?”

“You sexy bastard!” Jenner said.

He gave a low growl and lowered his head toward Gil’s cock which he had lifted to where he could easily get at it. He stuck out his tongue, diving the tip of it into the cum-slit of Gil’s cock where it found a bead of translucent pre-cum. The foreskin of the cock which, when the prick was flaccid, would have been pulled to a point of encirclement around that cum-slit, was, now that the cock was so stiff, pulled back to a turtle necking at that point where cockhead flared impressively from cockshaft.

“Feels good,” Gil said, as Jenner’s stealing of his fuck-juice was converted into a hearty lapping that socked his cockhead with sticky saliva. “Feels real good. And, a little bird told me you’re one helluva lot better at sucking cock now than you were at the swimming hole that first day your rubbery lips managed to wrap themselves around my cock.”

“A little bird told you that, did he?” Jenner said with a laugh. He put his pursed lips to the cockhead and gave a slow, suck.

“Yeah, a fucking little bird,” Gil said, punctuating with a groan of pleasure as he watched his cock sliding, sliding, sliding, into Jenner’s descending face.

It hadn’t taken Jenner too many practice runs before he had begun sinking all the way down over Gil’s cock like a pro. Gil actually thought Jenner now gave better blow-jobs than Henry Wilcox. Which, considering the practice at cock-sucking Henry Wilcox had had under his belt, was a compliment of the first order.

Jenner was also feeling good, because he knew he was getting good at sucking cock. Granted, Gil’s had been the only prick he’d had available for practice, but he figured if he could go down over Gil’s big hard-on, he could go down over most anyone’s cock, including that big cock belonging to Ken Cleaver.

“You thinking, about now, that my cock really is the cock of Ken Cleaver?” Gil asked intuitively, a wide smile spreading across his face.

Jenner had told Gil all about his wild sexual fantasies, always revolving as they did around Ken Cleaver. It had been Gil who had suggested Jenner make a trip to Seattle to get Ken as a lover, or at least get him out of his system, once and for all. Seattle, after all, wasn't all that far away, and Jenner, as an old buddy of Ken's brother, had every excuse for dropping by to say hello. It had only been late that Gil began hoping that Jenner wouldn't take his suggestion seriously. There was the chance, rare as it might be, that if Jenner fucked with Ken, word would get back to Peter, who would put two and two together and insert Gil into the homosexual scenario.

"I don't know if you remember or not, you smart-assed bastard," Jenner said, coming up for air. He checked the cock his mouth had left behind, trying to decide if he had it juiced sufficiently for the fuck up his ass. "But Ken's cock is circumcised. It's kind of difficult trying to pretend that your big prick is a clean-cut one like Ken's cock. Not that I'm complaining, mind you!"

"Does that mean, yes, you were pretending it was Ken's cock, or, you hadn't gotten around to it quite yet?"

"I hadn't gotten around to it quite yet," Jenner said, accompanying his admission with a laugh. "But, I'll bet you already had me pictured as Peter. Right?"

"Let's just say, I was getting there," Gil said, obviously amused.

"Speaking of getting there, I have someplace my asshole is scheduled to be shortly, and I think I'd better lend it a hand, or whatever," Jenner said.

Keeping Gil's juiced cock uplifted, Jenner managed to crawl and maneuver himself into a position that had his ass poised directly over the cockhead. He sat, feeling the cockhead slide in between his two asscheeks and touch the bottom of his asscrack. With a small adjustment, Jenner had the cockhead nuzzled right up against his ass pucker.

"Is that the target area my big cock is feeling?" Gil asked.

Jenner sat down harder. His sphincter rolled open, letting the cockhead inside his asshole.

"Ugh!" Jenner grunted.

Getting Gil's cock fucked up his ass could still be a shock. Although, no time could compare to that first time he had gotten around to taking this cock. Even though he had now had the cock up his ass more than once, his asshole still wasn't taking the cock as easily as his mouth and throat could. But, Jenner was persistent and determined. When he went to Ken, he was going to arrive with enough fucking expertise so that Ken, probably by now jaded by those city queers, still wouldn't kick him out of bed.

"Was that your asshole I just heard creaking?"

Gil asked. "Or, am I hearing things?"

"You're hearing things," Jenner said, his ass sliding farther onto the cock. Some of Gil's blond crotch hair was almost touching Jenner's asscheeks, and, if Gil had heard something, he figured it was just another sound from the dilapidated barn. Nothing to be worried about.

"As easily as I'm taking your cock nowadays," Jenner said, his voice made breathless from his continued attempts to take all of that cock, "I think I might have to move on to bigger things before long."

"I'm not too sure Ken's cock is bigger," Gil said with a smile. "Maybe it is, but I don't think so."

"Who said anything about Ken?" Jenner asked, sinking his ass deeper.

Although his ass was now burrowing in Gil's blond pubic hair, he had yet to reach bottom, even if he did feel he already had cock rammed through his belly and into the base of his throat.

"I don't know why, but I just assume any mention of anyone, besides me, refers to Ken, especially when you're doing the talking," Gil said, a spasming of Jenner's asshole around his cock causing his face to screw up in a combination of pleasure and pain.

"Ken will get his in time, don't you worry," Jenner said. "Right now, I think I'll concentrate on giving you yours."

"Yeah, do that," Gil said, putting a hand to each of Jenner's thighs and squeezing tightly as Jenner's ass finally made contact with his hard belly. He released his hold, running his hands around Jenner's swollen cock, over wash boarded abdominals, to the boy's chest. He tented his fingers over Jenner's taut nipples and pinched.

“Damn, damn, damn!” Jenner said, hardly believing he was all the way down on Gil’s cock. But the pain and the fullness up his ass told him it was so. And, that pain, combined with the torquing of Gil’s fingers as they pinched Jenner’s nipples, left the assaulted boy not knowing whether he was going to cry or break down and cum right then and there.

He did neither. What he did do was what he had been planning to do all along. He fucked his tight asshole on Gil’s hard cock, bouncing up and down on the prick as if he were the horse on some merry-go-round. He didn’t waste any time in getting on with that bouncing, either, having early learned that getting started was the best way to allow his asshole to adjust to the fucking. Just sitting around, waiting for his asshole to adjust on its own just didn’t seem to get the results that moving right along did. It didn’t take too long into the fucking cadence before the fullness up Jenner’s asshole became at least bearable. And, after that, Jenner knew he was home free.

Gil liked this fucking position. It allowed him to see what was going on, and there was nothing sexier than seeing this handsome stud kneeling over him, his ass swallowing and then releasing Gil’s hard cock. Each time Jenner made a complete descent, his hairy balls came to rest within the bush of blond pubic hair on Gil’s crotch.

Jenner’s muscles tiptoed beneath his tanned skin. Jenner’s hands, which had been riding up and down on Gil’s thighs up until then, went to his nipples, deciding to give the stud a bit of his own medicine. He twisted and pinched those nipples.

“Like it with your cock fucked up my ass and your tits twisted by my fingers?” Jenner asked, as a downward slide of his ass found the fucking cock jabbing his prostate. He groaned, an oozing of pre-cum appearing at the kid’s cum slit and drooling over.

“Yeah, I do like it,” Gil said. At the same time, the leaking fuck-juices from Jenner’s cock had focused on Gil’s attention on his companion’s big prick that was swaying back and forth like a metronome.

Gil proceeded to put one hand to Jenner’s cock and one to the stud’s balls. He began jacking Jenner’s cock, simultaneously rolling the boy’s big balls together.

“And how do you like that?” Gil asked, feeling his pleasure on the increase as Jenner’s ass came up, then down, up and then down. Not only was his cock getting a royal workout, but the position, what with it giving him a good viewing of the assfucking, had quickly increased his enjoyment.

“Silly question,” Jenner replied breathlessly. He and Gil both knew how quickly he could get excited with the feel of Gil’s cock up his ass. With the addition of having Gil’s hand on his cock, another on his balls, Jenner was really flying high. “silly, silly question.”

“You feel good, I feel good,” Gil said, his hips giving reflexive bounces that were designed to coincide with Jenner’s up and down fucking movements.

“Yes, yes! Jesus, yes!” Jenner gasped, wondering how many more fuck-lunges it was going to take. How many more pumps of his cock and squeezes of his balls he was going to need to blast his cum-load.

Neither Jenner nor Gil was yet so jaded by gay sex that they could fuck forever before cumming. This time was no exception. In no time, they were thrust to the brink, both of them ready to cum.

“I’m about to blow my wad up your fucking asshole,” Gil announced, following with a muted squeal as his foreskin was stripped down his hard inner cock core by another descent of Jenner’s ass. “Yes, yes! Jesus, yes, I’m about to cum!”

“So, cum, bastard!” Jenner said, knowing intuitively that all he was going to need was the feel of jizz blasting up his ass in order to trigger the explosion of his own cum-load.

“So, take it, take it, fucking take it!” Gil grunted, following with a massive fuck-thrust of his cock which made his muscled belly smack loudly against Jenner’s falling ass. “Take my Goddamned, fucking cum!”

“Yes!” Jenner breathed in ready agreement, his ass reaching the bottom of its slide and stopping there. He shuddered violently as the creamy streamers of Gil’s cum began blasting his asshole and draping his ass-guts in gooey curtains. “Oh, Jesus, Jesus, yes!”

The comets of jizz squirted up and out, most of them landing with heavy splats on Gil’s broad chest and flat belly, some of them even

traveling as far as the base of Gil's throat. The less hearty bursts of cum were caught on Gil's beating fingers and smeared to a frosting of milky froth along the length of Jenner's cock.

When the clapping began, neither Gil nor Jenner was aware of it. They were both too caught up in their fuck-lust to notice. However, as their pleasure subsided, the applause continued. Soon, the applause became even more forceful than it had been before.

Since Jenner was best positioned to see Peter—who had come suddenly from concealment—he was the first to experience the shock.

“Oh, sweet sweet Jesus!” Jenner said.

Gil looked, too, feeling the dismal hurt in his gut at the thought of what had to be running through Peter's mind upon walking in on his two best buddies fucking up a storm.

“Well wasn't that something to see!” Peter said with glee. He had suspected Gil and Jenner had been up to something, but what he had found, after trailing Gil that afternoon, had certainly exceeded his expectations.

Jenner and Gil were both dumbfounded. Not knowing that Peter had been fucking and sucking his brother for years, they didn't know what to say.

Peter knew what to say, though. He knew a good thing when he saw it.

“Does the fact that both of your mouths are hanging open mean that you're inviting me over to stick this big cock of mine in one of them?” he asked. His right hand dropped to his crotch, his fingers emphasizing the cock-bulge being made by his swollen prick. “Or, have you two decided this is something you're not about to share with your good buddy?”

“Jesus!” Gil said, thinking he had to be dreaming. Where else, but in dreams, did one's wildest fantasies suddenly become reality?

CHAPTER SEVEN

Ken set his suitcase down and turned to his brother, immediately noting the rather pleased expression on Peter's handsome face.

"Okay, why is my younger brother suddenly looking as if he's the cat who just swallowed the canary?" Ken asked.

"Oh, is that what I look like?" Peter asked innocently.

"Getting me back to the farm for a weekend isn't getting me back here for good," Ken said. Their parents had flown to Hawaii far a week before the hassle of fall harvesting. Ken had seen them in Seattle when they had changed planes and he had been waiting for his plane to head for the farm. Peter had tempted him to return for the weekend with visions of a whole two days and nights of hot and horny incestuous fucking.

"Ah, but you haven't seen all the cards I've got up my sleeve," Peter said, his conspiratorial expression not having changed. "As a matter of fact, why don't you go on up to your room and see the little something I arranged for your homecoming?"

"What in the hell are you up to, Brother?" Ken asked suspiciously.

"Go on up to the bedroom and see," Peter said.

He didn't expect to find Jenner Morrison stretched out naked on the bed with a rip-roaring big hard-on.

"You asked to suck my cock once," Jenner said, his balls full of creamy cum. "I'm hoping you haven't changed your mind since."

"You haven't changed your mind, have you, Ken?" Peter said, having come up behind his brother. Ken turned toward him, virtually speechless. Ken's surprise was only increased by the fact that Peter had brought Gil Sampson with him.

"Gil and I thought we'd do some fucking and sucking in my room—while you and Jenner fuck in here," Peter said. "Later on, maybe we can all get together and try a few combinations. What do you say, Brother? Cat got your tongue?"

Ken remained speechless, making Peter, Gil, and Jenner laugh. Peter gave his brother an encouraging push toward the obviously horny Jenner on the bed—and toward Ken’s first experience with truly perfect fucking.

THE END